

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XLVI }

No. 2082. — May 17, 1884.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXI. }

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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PATIENCE.

HOLD thou mine hand, beloved, as we sit
 Within the radiance of our winter fire,
 Watching the dainty shadows as they flit
 On wall and ceiling, as the flames leap
 higher.

HOLD thou mine hand, beloved, with the calm
 Close clasp of love assurèd and at rest,
 And let the peace of home, a blessed balm,
 Fall on us, folding faithful breast to breast.
 HOLD thou mine hand, beloved, while I speak
 Of all thy love hath done and borne for me,
 The stronger soul supporting still the weak,
 The good hand giving royally and free ;
 The tender heart that put man's roughness by,
 To wipe weak tears from eyes too seldom dry.

I touch this thing and that, thy pretty gifts,
 The silver zone, the jewelled finger-ring,
 The outward symbols of a love that lifts
 My fate and me beyond life's buffeting.
 Yet, oh, thrice generous giver ! there remains
 A thing for which I have not thanked thee
 yet,

Thy patience — through the long years with
 their pains —

Thy patience with my weakness and regret.
 Ah, let me thank thee now with falling tears,
 Tears of great joy, and deep, serene content,
 And God be thanked that through the weary
 years

We saw together ere our lives were blent,
 Although the years were desolate and long,
 Thy patience matched thy love, and both were
 strong !

All The Year Round.

YEARNING.

OVER the west the glory dies away,
 Faint rose flecks gleaming in the darkening
 sky ;

And the low sounds that mark the close of day,
 Rise up from wood and upland — rise and
 die ;

Soft silence falls o'er meadow, hill, and grove,
 And in the hush I want you, oh, my love.

In the gay radiance of the morning hour,
 In the warm brooding glory of the noon,
 When man and Nature, in their prime of
 power,

With the day's fulness blend in eager tune ;
 The rush of life forbids the pulse to move,
 That now, in yearning passion, wants you, love.

Wants you to watch the crimson glow and
 fade,

Through the great branches of the broaden-
 ing lime ;

Wants you, to feel the soft grey quiet shade,
 Lap the tired world in blessed eventime ;

Wants you to whisper : " Come, your power to
 prove,

The gloaming needs its angel, come, my love."

All The Year Round.

IN THE FOLD.

THE snow drives fast across the height ;
 The day died young and grey,
 Without a gleam of crimson light
 The gloaming passed away :
 Blow winter wind — the snow drives fast
 O'er dreary wood and wold ;
 Safe sheltered from the cutting blast
 The sheep are in the fold.

The shepherd's child, with rosy face
 Close press'd against the pane,
 Looks out with eager eyes to trace
 The footpath on the plain :
 The child laughs softly, sweet and low,
 Safe sheltered from the cold ;
 The path is lost beneath the snow,
 The lamb is in the fold.

The mother sits beside the fire,
 And fast her needle flies,
 With busy hands that never tire,
 And thoughts that end in sighs :
 She knows the churchyard on the hill
 Is lone and white and cold ;
 Hush, throbbing bosom ! peace, be still !
 The lamb is in the fold !
 Sunday Magazine. ARTHUR CLIVE.

TO MATTHEW ARNOLD IN AMERICA.

O POET ! who hast left awhile,
 For larger land and sea,
 The narrow limits of our isle, —
 What gain is come to thee ?

What higher dreams ? what holier mood ?
 What hopes for unborn years ?
 What noble deeds have warmed thy blood ?
 What sorrows waked thy tears ?

What hast thou seen in sea or sky ?
 What in the wider earth ?
 What new light flashing on the eye ?
 What loveliness or worth ?

What ecstasy in dancing foam ?
 What wrath in roaring sea ?
 We are thy brethren, — here thy home :
 We look to share with thee.

Too long thy lyre untouched has lien,
 And thy melodious voice
 Has tones that seem not truly thine : —
 Is this, is this thy choice ?

Ah, yet consider it again !
 Thy Thyrsis song of yore ;
 We borrow thy lost friend's refrain,
 And bid thee sing once more !

Spectator.

F. W. B.

From The Contemporary Review.
EURIPIDES AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER.

AMONG the services which Browning has rendered to literature, not the least conspicuous in his interpretation of Euripides. In "Balaustion's Adventure" and "Aristophanes' Apology," he has not only given a poet's rendering of two characteristic plays, the "Alcestis" and the "Phrenzied Hercules," but he has given the student sympathetic guidance to their deeper meaning. He has enabled English readers to estimate at their true worth the criticism of A. W. Schlegel, and at the same time he has opened a striking view of speculations and desires which found a place in the mind of a great Athenian when Athens was greatest. Euripides is indeed the true representative of democratic Athens. He was of honorable descent, and had enjoyed the discipline of most varied culture. Gymnast, artist, and student, he had made trial of all that the city had to teach; and as holding a sacred office in the service of Apollo he had an inheritance from older religious feeling. It may almost be said that Euripides lived and died with the Athens which has moved the world. His lifetime included the highest development of Athenian art and literature, the rise and the fall of Athenian supremacy. He was born on the day of Salamis (480 B.C.). He produced his "Medea" in the first year of the Peloponnesian War (431 B.C.). His "Trojan Women" was exhibited in the year of the expedition to Sicily and the recall of Alcibiades (415 B.C.). He died in 406 B.C., the year before Ægospotamos. He belonged wholly to the new order which is represented by the age of Pericles. Though he was only a generation younger than Æschylus, his works, when compared with those of his predecessor, represent the results of a revolution both in art and in thought.

But however different Æschylus and Euripides are in their views of existence, and in their treatment of life upon the stage, they are alike interesting to the student of the history of religious thought. Both speak with deep personal feeling. Both offer a partial interpretation of mysteries which fill them with an overwhelm-

ing awe. For both life with its infinite sorrows is greater than art. In this respect they differ from Sophocles, by whom they are naturally separated. Sophocles is not the poet as prophet, but the poet as artist. For him all that is most solemn, or terrible, or beautiful in human experience becomes simply an element in his work. He shows the perfection of calm, conscious mastery over the subjects with which he deals, but he does not speak to us himself. He has no message, no questionings, no convictions, beyond such utterances as harmoniously complete the consummate symmetry of his poems. It is otherwise with Æschylus and Euripides. Both are deeply moved and show that they are deeply moved, by religious feeling, as a spiritual and not an æsthetic force. But the feeling in the two cases is widely different.

Æschylus is the exponent of the old faith of Greece — stern, simple, resolute, strong in self-restraint. Euripides, on the other hand, has to take account of all the novel influences under which he had grown up; the speculations of Ionian philosophy, the larger relations of national intercourse, the force of a new domestic life. Once again Asia had touched Europe and quickened there new powers. Greece had conquered Persia only that she might better receive from the East the inspiration of a wider energy.

At the same time the political circumstances under which Euripides wrote helped to intensify the thoughts which were stirred by the teachings of Heracitus and Anaxagoras. The glorious struggle of the Persian War, in which Æschylus had taken part, with its apparently plain and decisive issue, was followed by results widely different from that final triumph; and Euripides had to witness the long horrors of civil conflict, the shaking of the popular creed under unexpected disasters, paroxysms of popular fanaticism, the moral dissolution of the plague. He felt the grievous turmoil of opinion and action, and he reflected it. His constitution fitted him for his work. He was by nature inclined to ponder the problems of life and not to enter upon affairs. He

was a student of men in books as well as in society; and the popular tradition which assigns to Anaxagoras a decisive influence over his view of the world may certainly be accepted as true; though nothing is less likely than that he was diverted from philosophy to the stage by the fate of his master. For Euripides is essentially a poet, and not a speculator. He deals with the mysteries of being from the side of feeling rather than of thought. A passionate fullness of human interest is the characteristic mark of his writings, and the secret of his power. He touched the common heart because he recognized the different phases of its ordinary sorrows and temptations and strivings.

The brusque lines of Philemon are a unique testimony to his personal attractiveness:—

If, as some say, men still in very truth
Had life and feeling after they are dead,
I had hanged myself to see Euripides.

His verses had a still wider persuasiveness. After the disaster at Syracuse, prisoners found relief and even freedom if they were able to recite passages from his poems; and a chorus from the "Electra" is said to have saved Athens from destruction when it was taken by Ly-sander.

The significance of Euripides as a religious teacher springs directly from his position and his character. He looks from the midst of Athenian society, a society brilliant, restless, sanguine, superstitious, at the popular mythology, at life, at the future, with the keenest insight into all that belongs to man, and what he sees is a prospect on which we may well dwell.*

* Though it is impossible to use isolated expressions of the characters of a dramatist as evidence of his own belief, the general convergence of their opinions may be fairly taken as giving his judgment from various points of sight. In the endeavor to obtain a just view of the teaching of Euripides on the line of subjects mentioned above, I wrote out every passage in his extant plays and fragments which seemed to bear upon them, and the reader will judge how far they combine to give an intelligible result.

The references are given throughout to the edition of Nauck in Teubner's "Bibliotheca." The translations are sufficiently close, I hope, to enable the scholar to recall the original words at once, and at the same time, to convey the meaning faithfully to the English reader.

I.

IN order to understand the treatment of the popular mythology by Euripides, we must bear in mind the place which was occupied by the Homeric poems in contemporary Greek education. It is not too much to say that these were (if the phrase may be allowed) a kind of Greek Bible. Every Athenian was familiar with their contents; they furnished the general view of the relations of gods and men, of the seen and the unseen, which formed a fixed background to the common prospect of life. This being so they produced the impression that the divine forces corresponded with human forces, differing only in intensity and range. The gods were held to be of like passions with men, but stronger and wiser, with the vigor of undecaying energy. Such a conception affords an adequate basis for the ordinary duties of worship, and was not superficially at variance with morality. But more careful reflection showed that the beings of the Homeric Olympus failed to satisfy the ideal of spiritual sovereigns; that a mere increase in the scale of human qualities could not supply a stable foundation for reverence; that the worshipper must look beyond this crowd of conflicting deities if he was to find an object on which he could rest with supreme trust.

Such difficulties had not received a clear expression in the time of Æschylus, nor would he have been disposed to deal with them. The wants and sorrows of men vanish in his sight before the awful majesty of an inscrutable divine purpose. With Euripides the case was different: man, and not destiny, was the central subject of his art. His Orestes, for example, is not the instrument of a divine will, prompted, tortured, delivered by external powers, but a son racked with Hamlet-like misgivings, and finding within himself the justification and the punishment of his deed. Euripides, in other words, regarded the human and the divine as factors in life, alike real and permanent. He aimed at dealing with the whole sum of our present experience. He was therefore constrained to bring the popular creed in some way into harmony with absolute right and truth; to give a moral

interpretation to current legends; to show that life, even as we see it, offers ground for calm trust on which man may at least venture to rest. Plato banished poets from his ideal republic on account of the moral difficulties raised by their representations of divine things. Euripides endeavored to find a more practical remedy for an evil which he could not but feel: he sought to penetrate through the words and figures of the traditional teaching which the poets adopted to the truths which lay beneath, and so to preserve the symbols of primitive belief without doing violence to moral instinct.

In attempting to fulfil this work, Euripides frankly acknowledges its difficulty. All investigation of the divine is, he lays down, necessarily beset by difficulty. This difficulty is increased by a superficial view of the course of human affairs. It is made insoluble by the literal acceptance of the details of mythology.

Under various circumstances Euripides makes his characters affirm the mysteriousness of the questions involved in theology. They may not either be dealt with or set aside lightly. The poet refuses to acquiesce in those perfunctory utterances of professional diviners in which many found relief:—

Why do ye, seated at oracular shrines,
Swear that ye know the secrets of the gods?
Men have no power to fashion such replies:
For he that boasts he knows about the gods,
Knows only this, the art to win belief.*

There is a complexity, a manifoldness, in the vicissitudes of providential government which at once arrests human attention and baffles it:—

What mortal dares to say that he has found
By searching what is God, or what is not,
Or what between—the utmost bound of
thought—

When he regards the work of Providence
Moving with rapid course, now here, now
there,

Then elsewhere, with a sudden change of fate,
Conflicting, unexpected?†

This first difficulty is inherent in all religious speculations; and the burden of

ignorance may be borne with patience as belonging to man's nature. But a greater difficulty lies behind. The appearance of injustice is harder to endure than darkness, and Euripides dwells with sorrowful persistence on the moral inequalities of life. He finds in this the sorest trial of faith. The passionate exclamation of Bellerophon,—

'Tis said by some that there are gods in heaven.
There are not, are not; if men will not still,
Bound by their folly, use the old wives' tale.
Nay, look yourselves,*

finds frequent echoes in his plays. So it is that the herald Talthybius, looking at the prostrate form of Hecuba, exclaims:

Zeus, shall I say that thou regardest men?
Or that we hold in vain this false belief,
Thinking there is indeed a race of gods,
While fortune sways all human destinies?‡
And this apparent miscarriage of justice
is as great negatively as positively. The failure of virtue to gain recognition is not less perplexing than undeserved suffering.
For—

If the gods, to man's degree,
Had wit and wisdom, they would bring
Mankind a twofold youth, to be
Their virtue's sign-mark, all should see,
In those with whom life's winter thus grew
spring.

For when they died, into the sun once more,
Would they have traversed twice life's race—
course o'er;

While ignobility had simply run
Existence through, nor second life begun.‡

A final difficulty lies in the letter of the divine legends. According to these, the gods act as no good man would act. Euripides meets the difficulty boldly. He affirms consistently that the legends about the gods, which tend to confuse human intuitions of right and wrong, of truth and duty, are not literally true. When Heracles recovered from his phrensy, and looked upon his murdered wife and children in bitterest sorrow and shame, Theseus sought to bring him comfort by recalling facts from the popular mythology; but Heracles rejects the consolation and replies:—

* Beller. fr. 288. Comp. fr. 892, 893; Scyr. fr. 185. Contrast fr. 981.

† Hec. 488.

‡ Herc. Fur. 635 (Browning).

* Philoct. fr. 793.

† Hel. 1137, ff. Comp. Hel. 711.

I neither fancy gods love lawless beds,
Nor, that with chains they bind each other's
hands,

Have I judged worthy faith, at any time ;
Nor shall I be persuaded one is born
His fellows' master! since God stands in
need —

If he is really God — of nought at all.
These are the poet's pitiful conceits.*

Elsewhere Euripides refers to the legends
of the birth of Helen and the banquet of
Thyestes, only to reject them.† The
ground is given by Iphigenia —

I think no Deity can be unjust.

And Bellerophon expresses the thought
still more decidedly, —

If gods do aught that's base they are not gods.‡

Following out this principle, Euripides
ventures to openly condemn the gods for
the actions attributed to them. At the
close of the "Electra" the Dioscuri, ad-
dressing Orestes, who stands awestricken
by the side of Clytemnestra, so pass judg-
ment: —

Just is her punishment, but not thy deed ;
And Phœbus, Phœbus — well, he is my king ;
I am dumb: though wise, not wise he spake to
thee.§

And the messenger who relates the death
of Neoptolemus at Delphi concludes: —

So did he [Apollo] to Achilles' son,
Who offered retribution ; he the king,
Who giveth oracles to other men,
The judge of righteousness to all the world,
And bore in mind, like a malicious churl,
Old grudges ; how could such a one be wise ! ||

Here, then, Euripides is directly at
issue with much of the popular faith.
How, it may be asked, can such language,
widely different from the reckless banter-
ings of Aristophanes, be reconciled with
due respect for the divine? The answer
seems to lie in the fact that Euripides
draws a clear distinction between the
Olympian gods and the one Being to
whom they also minister. He was in-
clined to treat the Olympian gods as in
some sense personifications or embodi-
ments of human attributes. It is said
that Anaxagoras interpreted the Homeric
stories as symbolic,¶ and his scholar
sought in the same line a worthy meaning
for the current mythology. In this sense

Hecuba, addressing Helen, gives a strik-
ing interpretation of the "judgment of
Paris." It was no contest of actual dei-
ties, but of conflicting passions. Aphro-
dite herself could have moved Helen and
Amyclæ to Troy without leaving heaven.
But the Aphrodite who came with Paris
and carried off the bride of Menelaus was
the feeling which Paris stirred in Helen's
breast.*

But while Euripides here finds in the
soul itself the powers which man is
tempted to place wholly without, it does
not follow that he denies the objective
existence of beings corresponding to hu-
man passions. On the contrary, he seems
to recognize a correspondence between
human feelings and impulses and super-
natural forces, of which the Olympian dei-
ties were representatives. The origin of
that which is extraordinary is referred to
divine agency. Death and madness are
real powers external to man. Strife and
ambition, hope, justice, and persuasion,
derive their force from something without
which is akin to them.‡ From time to
time men move in a mysterious inter-
course with spiritual beings. Hippolytus
in his first joy can say to Artemis: —

I feel thee near, and answer thee in word
Hearing thy voice, yet seeing not thy face.†

It is not then surprising that imperfec-
tions should be found in beings which,
even when they are felt to be most pres-
ent and energetic, are essentially limited
and human in their characteristics. But
they can bring no repose or confidence to
the soul. The poet as a religious teacher
must look beyond himself, beyond the
many gods — those colossal human fig-
ures, symbols or sources of man's con-
flicting passions — for that which gives
unity to the view of existence.§ And
here it is that the "theology" of Eu-
ripides becomes of the highest interest.
Philosophers had sought the principle of
unity in some primal element; Euripides,
though his language is naturally vague,
seems rather to seek it in a vital force,
which slowly differentiates and moulds all
things. The force is distinct from the
matter through which it is manifested.
Human thought is incompetent to define

* Troad. 969 ff.

† Hel. 1002; Antig. fr. 170; Iph. Aul. 392; Phœn. 798; 831. Compare Hel. 560; Iph. Aul. 973.

‡ Hippol. 85. Compare *Ibid.* 1301.

§ The famous line with which the Melanippe origi-
nally opened obviously pointed to the Zeus of mythol-
ogy, as different from the supreme Sovereign: —

"Zeus, whose'er Zeus is, for by report
I know him only" (Fragm. 483).

Compare Herc. Fur. 1263.

* Herc. Fur. 1341 (Browning). Compare Antiope,
fr. 209.

† Hel. 21; El. 737; Iph. Taur. 389.

‡ Beller. fr. 294, 7.

§ El. 1244. Compare 1301 ff.

¶ Androm. 1161. Compare Ion. 444 ff.; Orest. 28,
162; Iph. Taur. 35.

‡ Diog. Laert. ii. 11.

it exactly or simply. Under one aspect it is revealed as law, under another as intelligence, under another as will. All are harmonized in that for which we feel. Thus Hecuba gives expression to her prayer of thanksgiving, when Menelaus declares his purpose of taking vengeance on Helen, the curse of Troy:—

O Thou
That bearest earth, Thyself by earth upborne,
Whoe'er Thou art, hard for our powers to
guess,
Or Zeus, or Nature's law, or mind of man,
To thee I pray, for all the things of earth
In right thou guidest on Thy noiseless way.*

From this point of sight the whole visible world appears as a progressive revelation of the one source of life. Euripides dwells on the prospect with evident delight. Heaven (æther) and earth symbolize for him the force and the matter through whose union all the variety of things come into existence. But he teaches that even these two were once undivided. Perhaps he thought of matter as the first self-limited expression of force. Thus, in one of his earliest dramas, "Melanippe the Wise," he says:—

Not mine the tale: my mother taught it me:
How heaven and earth were undivided once,
And when they grew distinct with separate
forms,
They bore, and brought to light all things that
are—
Trees, birds, and beasts, the creatures of the
sea,
And race of men.†

This primal marriage of heaven and earth finds renewal in the vital processes of nature:—

The earth longs for the rain, when the parched
land,
Fruitless through drought, lacks the life-giving
shower;
The glorious heaven longs, as it swells with
rain,
To fall upon the earth, with deep desire;
And when they meet commingled—earth and
heaven—
They give to all, whereby the race of men
Lives and is glad, being and rich support.‡

So things come into existence, and then in due time they are dissolved. Nothing is lost, but each element returns to its source, and enters into new combinations as the great cycle of life finds fulfilment:

* It is interesting to contrast Euripides' view of the divine origin of civilization (Suppl. 201) with Critias' view of the human origin of theology in the Sisyphus (Plut. Plac. Phil. 1, 7, p. 880).

† Troad. 884.

‡ Melanippe, fr. 488.

Great earth and sky supreme are source of all;
The sky supreme is sire of gods and men,
And earth receiving fertilizing showers,
Gives mortals birth, gives birth to tribes of
beasts

And that whereby they live; so she is called
Mother of all, by just prerogative.
Then that which springs from earth to earth
returns.

And that which draws its being from the sky,
Rises again up to the skyey height,
And nothing dies of all that comes to be,
But being sundered, each first element,
Freshly combined, displays some novel form.*

There is then nothing strained, when Euripides identifies the heaven (æther) with the one supreme, sovereign power:—

See'st thou this boundless Æther high aloft,
Enfolding earth about with moist embrace,
Believe that this is Zeus: hold this for God.†

For, according to his conception, it suggests at least all that is contained in the sublime description of God—than which he has no grander:—

The Self-existent, who in heaven's expanse
Holds in His large embrace all things that
are;
Round whom the light, round whom in dusky
shade
The chequered night and the unnumbered host
Of stars move gladly in unceasing dance.‡

Euripides gains, in fact, from his dynamical view of nature a vivid practical belief in the divine:—

Wretched is he who when he looks on this
Perceives not God, and does not cast afar
The crooked cheats of airy speculators,
Whose baneful tongue hazards on things un-
seen

Words void of judgment.§

At the same time, the partial, fragmentary, imperfect deities are given back.¶ These, though not absolute, bring the divine near to men. Through these men may rise to that by which they also are strong. The highest instincts of humanity can look for satisfaction without. These, which are a divine manifestation—

In each of us our reason is a god ¶—

must have a perfect fulfilment in the divine. Men may confidently attribute to the gods the consummation of that which

* Fragg. 890. Compare Æsch. Danaid. fr. 38.

† Chrysipp. 836. Compare fragm. 1012; and Vitruv. viii. 1.

‡ Fragg. 935. Compare fragm. 867, 911. Still, in another sense, he speaks of æther as "the dwelling of Zeus."—Melan. fr. 491.

§ Peirith. fr. 596.

¶ Fragg. 995.

¶ Fragg. 1007. The line is also attributed to Menander.

is noblest in germ in themselves. They can trust even to the severity of righteousness. He who looks for weak forgiveness of wrong done is faithless to his own heart:—

So thou dost think the gods are merciful,
When one by oath seeks for escape from death,
Or bonds, or deeds of foeman's violence;
Or shares his home with blood-stained criminals:

Then truly they were less intelligent
Than men, setting the kind before the just.*

And the course of life, with all its inequalities, offers such glimpses of righteous retribution as are sufficient to support faith in the final triumph of supreme justice.†

This faith springs naturally from the underlying sense of the unity of the source of all things. The gods themselves, offspring like men of the one Being, are bound by law. They are not arbitrary, capricious powers, but subject to a sovereign right. Apollo may not rescue Alcestis from death by his divine might, though the task is open to the effort of a human champion. Artemis bows to the ordinance which limits the action of one deity towards another, though obedience cost her the life of Hippolytus.‡

The gods are strong, and law which ruleth them;

For 'tis by law we have our faith in gods,
And live with certain rules of right and wrong.§

Man, in other words, is born religious, and born with the faculty to recognize that which claims his devotion.

We have seen that the many gods are in one aspect ideals answering to human powers. Viewed under another light, they present different aspects of the one to whom they are finally referred. In different circumstances men necessarily conceive of God differently. He may bear this title or that, and the worshipper may dimly realize the unity of characters popularly divided:—

I bear an offering of drink and meal
To thee that rulest all, whatever name
Thou lovest, Zeus or Hades; and do thou
Receive this fireless sacrifice poured forth
Of earth's abundant fruitage at my hands,
For thou amidst the gods that dwell in heaven
Wieldest Zeus' sceptre; and o'er these beneath
Sharest the rule of Hades.||

* Fragm. 1030.

† Enom. fr. 581; Bacch. 1325; El. 582. Compare Herc. Fur. 347.

‡ Hec. 799. Compare Ibid. 847.

§ Hipp. 799.

|| Fragm. 904. Compare fragm. 938, 1011.

Euripides, therefore, is perfectly consistent when he affirms man's dependence on the gods, while he denies the historic truth of the ancient legends:—

No issue comes to men without the gods.
We strive for many things, led on by hope,
And toil in vain, as knowing nothing sure.*

Apart from God no man is prosperous,
Or comes to high estate. I rate at naught
The fruits of mortal zeal without the gods.†

Why do they say that miserable men
Are wise, O Zeus? For we depend on thee,
And do but that which answers to thy will.‡

For this is only to affirm in another form that unity of being for which he searches. Man cannot isolate himself. He is strong by sympathy. On the eve of a battle, fought for the maintenance of a common right, Theseus, the type of the true king, says:—

One thing we need, that the gods side with
those
Who honor justice: heaven and right combined
Give victory; but virtue profits naught
To mortals if it have not God to help.§

Fate and the divine will are not two adverse forces, but complementary views of the same force. So the Dioscuri declare that they were forced to yield to "destiny and the gods," and counsel Electra that

henceforward she must do
What Fate and Zeus determined should be done.||

Such general convictions, while they destroy the root of many superstitions, give a solemn sanction to the obligations of reverence and worship.

He hath no reason who lays cities waste;
Temples and tombs—shrines sacred to the dead—
He desolates, and then is lost himself.¶

Three virtues thou must put in act, my son;
Honor the gods, thy parents, and the laws,
The common laws of Greece. So shalt thou win
The victor's glorious wreath of fair renown.**

And Heracles in a remarkable phrase connects the success of his descent to

* Thyest. fr. 395.

† Fragm. 1014.

‡ Suppl. 734.

§ Suppl. 594. Compare Hec. 1029.

|| El. 1247; Hel. 1660. For Euripides' view of providence and fate, see Hippol. 1102 ff.; Heracl. 608 ff.; fragm. 149, 217, 264, 354, 494, 1167; and the common refrain with which he closes the Alcestis, Andromache, Bacchæ, Helen, and Medea.

¶ Troad. 95.

** Antiope, fr. 219.

Hades with his initiation in the Mysteries.*

But Euripides has strong words of condemnation for the unworthy use which men had made of religious feelings. The right of sanctuary, which had been designed to protect the innocent, was unjustly turned into defence for the guilty :

If a man
Seek refuge at an altar, stained with crime,
I will myself, regardless of the law,
Drag him to justice, and not fear the gods :
For evil men must bear an evil fate.†

Especially he dwells upon the impostures of soothsaying, by which the real voice of the gods was corrupted.

The oracles of Loxias are sure ;
As for man's art, I will have none of it.‡

He has the true diviner's skill
Who has the gods for friends.§

He is best soothsayer who guesses well ||

It is not the form of religious service, but the spirit which is precious. Acceptable worship must be accompanied by piety and effort.

Who offers sacrifice with pious heart
Obtains salvation, though his gift be small.¶

Do what thou canst, and then invoke the gods.
God helps the man who toils to help himself.**

From what has been already said, the profound significance of the Dionysian worship for Euripides will be at once clear. In that worship nature found the fullest recognition as the revelation of the Divine. Man sought fellowship with God in the completeness of his being. The organ of knowledge was confessed to be, not the intellect, but life. Thus the "Bacchæ" is no palinode, but a gathering up in rich maturity of the fruit of the poet's earlier thoughts. Man cannot, he shows with tragic earnestness, attain to communion with the divine by pure reason, a part only of his constitution. He must keep himself open to every influence, and so by welcoming the new in time prove his loyalty to the old. The aged seer Teiresias strikes the keynote of the play when he affirms the coequal supremacy of ancestral belief and present revelation. In this way the majesty of the living whole

of human existence is vindicated against philosophic or ceremonial one-sidedness.

We trust no human wit in things divine.
The faith our fathers handed down, and that
Which we have welcomed, growing with our
growth,
No reasonings shall o'erthrow, even though it
find
The subtlest treasures of man's loftiest
thought.*

The fresh unfolding of the divine bounty requires, he pleads, grateful acknowledgment :—

Two powers there are 'mong men,
First before all, O youth : our mother Earth,
Demeter, call her by which name thou wilt,
Who stayeth mortals with the staff of life ;
And the late-come, the son of Semele,
Who formed the rich draught of the clustered
vine
And brought the gift to men.†

Seen in this light, the Dionysian worship is the witness to a real belief in the vitality of religion as answering to the completeness of man's nature. It does not aim at superseding that which went before, but at bringing it nearer to actual experience. Men must worship as men, feeling at once the richness and the limits of their endowments :—

Dwelling afar in heaven the Deities,
Behold the deeds of men :
It is not wisdom to be wise
And follow thoughts too high for mortal ken.‡

Blest above all of human line,
Who, deep in mystic rites divine,
Leads his hallowed life with us,
Initiate in our Thiasus ;
And purified with holiest waters,
Goes dancing o'er the hills with Bacchus'
daughters.§

So in manifold and solemn strains, unsurpassed in classical literature for calm, sweet strength, Euripides lays open the joy of worship. The joy of the Dionysian worship with which he begins passes into the larger joy of universal piety :—

'Tis but light cost in his own power sublime
To array the godhead, whosoe'er he be ;
And law is old, even as the oldest time,
Nature's own unrepealed decree.||

Hold thou fast the pious mind ; so, only so
shall glide
In peace with God above, in peace with men
on earth,
Thy smooth painless life.

* Herc. Fur. 613.

† Fragm. 1036.

‡ Elect. 399.

§ Hel. 759. Compare Ibid. 753.

|| Fragm. 963. The line is also attributed to Menander. Compare Iph. Ant. 955.

¶ Fragm. 940. Compare Dan. fr. 329.

** Hippol. 435. Comp. Iph. Taur. 910 ; El. 80.

* Bacch. 200.

† Bacch. 274.

‡ Ibid. 392.

§ Ibid. 72 (Milman).

|| Ibid. 893 (Milman). Comp. Heracl. 902.

I admire not, envy not, who would be over-wise :

Mine be still the glory, mine be still the prize,
By night and day

To live of the immortal gods in awe :

Who fears them not

Is but the outcast of all law.*

II.

THE theology of Euripides takes its shape from his conviction that all nature and all life is a manifestation of one divine power. His view of human life corresponds with this conviction, and his view of being is concentrated in his view of humanity. All that is human claims his sympathy; and it may be said conversely that all that claim his sympathy is seen in its connection with man. He practically anticipates Browning's judgment that "little else is worth study than the incidents in the development of a soul."

This largeness of sympathy with all that is human is shown by the great range of his characters. Heroes, Greeks, barbarians, peasants, slaves, women, children, play a part, and a noble part, in his dramas. It was a reproach against him that he made all utter great thoughts alike. The charge is so far true that he strives to give to each the voice of a common humanity. He admits no exclusive prerogative of race, or sex, or birth. The yeoman in the "Electra" is as chivalrous as Achilles in the "Aulic Iphigenia."

Euripides thus deals frankly and gladly with all the elements of life, and he deals with actual life as he saw it. There is much that is mean and frivolous, and even repulsive, in the portraiture, but still the picture never ceases to be true to experience. His characters are not ideal, but the strangely mixed beings who are fashioned in the turmoil of passion and interest. It is perhaps for this reason that his women are both better and worse than his men. Through them nature is revealed more directly; and it is a singular injustice of traditional criticism that the poet should be represented as a woman-hater who has left more types of female self-devotion than any other dramatist. The plays which exhibit the spontaneous, intuitive sacrifice of Macaria; the thoughtful, reasoned resolution of Iphigenia; the tender, wifely dutifulness of Alcestis; the romantic love of Evadne, show the strength of woman in the most varied phases of its characteristic beauty.

Not less striking are the sketches of children which Euripides has given. Eu-

melus in the "Alcestis," Molossus in the "Andromeda," the sons of the father chiefs in the "Suppliants," add characteristic touches to the action; and the appeal of Iphigenia to the infant Orestes to plead for her life with silent tears, is conceived with pathetic tenderness.*

Generally, indeed, the stress which Euripides lays on domestic life is worthy of study. The scene between Menelaus and Helena is a unique example in Greek tragedy of the love of husband and wife.† Again and again the affection of parents for children, and of children for parents, is presented as full of supreme joy: "Children are men's souls," "a Heaven-sent charm of awful power."‡

Lady, this splendor of the sun is dear,
And fair the broad calm of the watery plain,
But nothing is so bright or fair to see
As to the childless, stung with long desire,
The light of new-born children in the home.§

Wretched the child

Who serves not those that bare him with the
meed

Of noblest toil. One gives and gains again
From his own children what he gave himself.||

The relations of the family lead up to the relations of the State, and when the claims of the family and State come into conflict the latter must prevail; for all life has a social destination and duty. In the "Erechtheus" the queen offers her daughter willingly for the deliverance of Athens. "Children," she says, "are born to us

That we may save our altars and our land.
We call the city one, and many find
Their home there: how can I then ruin these
When I may give one life to ransom all?"¶

But Euripides had a keen sense of the perils of public life,** and there can be no doubt that he describes his own ideal in the lines:—

Happy the man whose lot it is to know
The secrets of the earth. He hastens not
To work his fellow's hurt by unjust deeds,
But with rapt admiration contemplates
Immortal Nature's ageless harmony,
And how and when her order came to be.
Such spirits have no place for thoughts of
shame.††

And again in a lighter, more joyous strain:—

* Iph. Aul. 1124.

† Hel. 622 ff.

‡ Andr. 417; Alc. fr. 104.

§ Danae, fr. 318.

|| Suppl. 361. Comp. fragm. 848.

¶ Erechth. fr., 362, 14.

** Ion. 595, ff.; Med. 294, ff.; Hec. 254, ff.

†† Fragm. 902.

* Ibid. 1002 (Milman).

Well! I am not to pause
Mingling together — wine and wine in cup —
The Graces with the Muses up —
Most dulcet marriage; loosed from Muses' law,
No life for me!
But where the wreaths abound, there ever may
I be!*

Thus Euripides takes account of the manifold fullness of human existence, but the whole effect of life, as he sees it, is, in its external aspect at least, clouded with great sorrow. There is no music to charm its grief.† At the best it is chequered, like the face of the earth, with storm and sunshine: —

I say the heaven men call so, as time rolls,
Shows in a parable the fate of men.
It flashes forth bright light in summer-time;
And deepens winter's gloom with gathered clouds;
And makes flowers bloom and fade and live and die.

So too the race of men with happy calm
Is bright and glad, and then is clouded o'er.
Some live in woe, some, prosperous for a while
Fade like the changes of the changeful year.‡

Such is the life of miserable men,
Not wholly happy, nor yet wholly sad,
Blest for a while, and then again unblest.§

For the most part, however, pain outweighs pleasure. The consciousness of the instability of joy disturbs present delight with the prospect of inevitable change. There is no prerogative of immunity from suffering: —

He must not think that he will ever find
Unaltered fortune who has had no fall;
For God, I ween, if God He must be called,
Wearies of dwelling always with the same.
A mortal's joy is mortal. They who make
The present bind the future in their pride
Prove when they suffer what man's fortune is.||

Death is the one certain limit of suffering,¶ and, therefore, it is not strange that to men in some moods it should seem "better not to have been born;"** or, as it is expressed at length: —

'Twere well that men in solemn conclave met,
Should mourn each birth as prelude to great woes:

And bear the dead forth from their homes
with joy
And thanksgiving, as free at last from toils.††

* Herc. Fur. 673 (Browning).

† Med. 195.

‡ Daval. fr. 332.

§ Antiope, fr. 196.

|| Fragm. 1958. Comp. Andromeda, fr. 152; Alex. fr. 63; Auge. fr. 275; CEd. fr. 558. Suppl. 331.

¶ Fragm. 908.

** Fragm. 900.

†† Cresph. fr. 452.

Life is called life, but it is truly pain.*

Not to be born is one, I say, with death;
And death is better than a piteous life.†

Nevertheless, those who are born to suffering cling to life —

Mortals are sad

In bearing earth to earth: yet it must be.
Life must be reaped, like the ripe golden grain,
One is and one is not.‡

For there is, after all, a mysterious uncertainty about the future, and men shrink from that which is beyond their experience. They

long to look upon the coming day,
Bearing a burden of unnumbered woes.
So deep in mortals lies the love of life,
For life we know, but ignorant of death,
Each fears alike to leave the sun's dear light.§

Meanwhile, man has a hard struggle to maintain, but he is able to maintain it. Whatever we may be tempted to think, justice is a real and a present power. She does vindicate her authority, not in a remote future and on some other scene, but essentially here and now.

Thinkest thou

To overcome the wisdom of the gods?
That justice has her dwelling far from men?
Nay, she is near: she sees, herself unseen,
And knows whom she must punish. Thou knowest not

When she will bring swift ruin on the base.
'Tis true the working of the gods is slow,
But it is sure and strong ||

There is no ever-present, overwhelming weight of physical or moral necessity which crushes him. He is allowed from time to time to see that greater labors are the condition and the discipline of greater natures. And in spite of the obvious sorrows of life he can discern that a divine purpose is being wrought out which will find accomplishment. "There is at present great confusion in the things of gods and men."¶ But the source of the disorder lies not with God but with man.** And in due time the inequalities and injustices which form the bitterest trial of the good will be righted, and that on the present scene of human conflict and failure, not by any sudden divine intervention or startling catastrophe, but by the sure working of the forces which are already in action: —

* Fragm. 957.

† Troades, 636. Contrast Ibid. 632.

‡ Hyppis, fr. 757.

§ Phoenix, fr. 813. Comp. Hippol. 193.

|| Bacch. 882.

¶ Iph. T. 572.

** Pel. fr. 609.

Think you that deeds of wrong spring to the
gods

On wings, and then some one, on Zeus' book,
Writes them, and Zeus beholding the record
Gives judgment? Nay, the whole expanse of
heaven

Would not suffice if Zeus wrote there man's
sins;

Nor could he send to each his punishment
From such review. Justice is on the earth,
Is here, is by us, if men will but see.*

The criminal is alarmed by unreal terrors,
and then comforted by an unreal security:

Justice will not assail thee, fear it not,
Not thee nor any other that doth wrong,
And pierce thy heart; but moving silently
With lingering foot, whene'er the hour is
come,

She lays her heavy hand upon the base.†

For it is said truly "that Justice is the
child of time," of time "that looketh
keenly, he that seeth all."‡ But in the
end she makes herself felt:—

The man that for the passing hour doth wrong,
And thinks the gods have failed to see the
deed,

Thinks evil, and is taken in his thought.
When Justice finds a space of quiet time,
He pays full vengeance for the wrongs he did.§

Slow come, but come at length,
In their majestic strength,
Faithful and true, the avenging deities;
And chastening human folly,
And the mad pride unholy
Of those who to the gods bow not their knees.||

The retribution which is thus indicated is
often not complete at once. The sins of
parents are visited on their children,¶
even as a later generation gathers the ripe
fruit of earlier labor. A larger field than
that which is offered by a single life is
necessary for the revelation of this fulfil-
ment of a just will; and it is a charac-
teristic of the tragedies of Euripides that
he introduces gods not so much to solve
immediate difficulties in his plots, as to
point out how in the future a righteous
result will be assured. In no less than
thirteen plays divine characters disclose
the future issues of the action which will
vindicate the mysterious course of Provi-
dence. And in this wider view of life the
personal fate of the individual actors finds
hardly any place.**

* Melanippe, fr. 508. Comp. Andromeda, fr. 150.

† Fragg. 969. Comp. fragm. 266, 583, 646, 1030.

‡ Antiope, fr. 223; Melanippe, fr. 509. Comp. Bel-
ler. fr. 305.

§ Phrix. fr. 832.

¶ Bacchae, 882 (Milman).

|| Fragg. 970; Alcm. fr. 83.

** Comp. fr. 21.

A wide view of life is required for the
discernment of the justice of the divine
government; and a wide view of life is
necessary also for the fulfilment of human
destiny. One chief cause of the suffer-
ings and failures of men lies in the partial
and inadequate view of the claims of be-
ing which is taken by those who are noble
and good within a narrow range. This
truth is brought out with impressive power
in the characters of Pentheus and Hip-
polytus. Both are, up to a certain point,
blameless and courageous, but they are
unsympathetic to that which lies beyond
their experience and inclination. They
contemptuously cast aside warnings
against self-will. They refuse to pay re-
spect to the convictions of others, or to
admit that their view of life can fall short
of fulness. With tragic irony Pentheus
is led to his ruin by a guilty curiosity, and
Hippolytus, in the pathetic scene of his
death, lays bare his overwhelming self-
confidence. He can forgive his father,
but he is defiant to the powers of heaven,
and in the terrible line,

Would that the curse of men might reach the
gods,*

he reveals at once the strength and the
weakness of his character.

In this connection Euripides appears to
indicate one use of suffering. The dis-
cipline of life as he regards it is fitted to
give to men a truer and larger sense of
human powers and duties than they were
inclined to form at first. This lesson
comes out prominently in the "Alcestis."
In one aspect the drama is the record of
a soul's purification. Admetus obtains
life at the price which he was ready to
pay for it, and he finds that it ceases to
be the blessing which he sought. He
sees in his father the full image of him-
self, and fiercely condemns the selfishness
which he has shown. Little by little he
fully realizes that what he has gained by
consciously sacrificing another to himself
is of no avail for happiness, and he is
prepared to receive, cleansed in heart,
that which has been won for him by the
spontaneous effort of Heracles. This
contrast of the two sacrifices and the two
prizes is of the deepest meaning. Man
cannot simply use another at his will for
his own good; but he can enjoy the fruits
of another's devotion. The life which
Alcestis gave for her husband at his en-
treaty proved to be only a discipline of

* Hippol. 1415.

sorrow; the life which was wrested from death by human labor could be imparted to one made ready to welcome it.

In Pentheus and Hippolytus, Euripides has shown the failure of partial virtues; in Heracles — the man raised to heaven through toil — he seems to have wished to show a type of the fullness of life. The hero in the "Alcestis" keenly enjoys the pleasures of the feast in the close prospect of a terrible labor; and when he hears of his friend's loss he hastens to meet death with a kind of natural joy. He proves in act that the reward of victory is a new conflict, and with genial vigor accepts the condition of progress.

But even here there is a want. Man, as he is, cannot with impunity wrestle with death and rob Hades of its terrors. At the moment when Heracles seems to have prevailed over the common enemy, and to have brought deliverance to his own house, madness comes, and he works himself the ruin which he had just averted.* He, too, must feel his weakness. And so it is that in this last trial he rises to his greatest height. He sees the full measure of his calamity. He acknowledges that for him henceforward there is no hope. Where he looked for glory and joy, there can be only horror and pain. And feeling this, at the bidding of Theseus, he dares to live. In a fuller sense than before he has conquered death,† and he is ready for his elevation. The conception rises to the height of spiritual grandeur, and there is no nobler picture in Greek literature than that of the broken-hearted hero leaning on the friend whom he had rescued from the shades, and patiently going to meet exile and irremediable grief.‡ Toil consecrated by self-surrender could not but lead to heaven.

III.

A HERO like Heracles is raised to heaven, but what has the unseen world for common men? To this question Euripides has no clear answer. He looks, as we have seen, for the vindication of righteousness on earth. His references to another order are few and vague. In this respect he holds the common attitude of the Athenian in the presence of death.§ There is, as Professor Gardner has

pointed out, no trace of scenes of future happiness, or misery, or judgment, on early Greek funeral sculptures. The utmost that is represented is the farewell of the traveller who is bound for some unknown realm. And in the inscriptions which accompany them the future practically finds no place. The world to come is not denied so much as left out of sight. It is not a distinct object either of hope or of fear. Euripides, indeed, has recognized, twice at least, in memorable words the mystery of life and death, the powerlessness of man to attain to a true conception of being: —

Who knows if Life is Death,
And Death is counted Life by those below?

Who knows if Life, as we speak, is but Death,
And Death is Life?*

But in the latter place he seems to shrink back from the positive hope which he has called up into mere negation, and he continues: —

Nay, lay the question by;
But this at least we do know; they that live
Are sick and suffer; they who are no more
Nor suffer further, nor have ills to bear.

Elsewhere dim visions are given of the possibility of new modes of existence hereafter, and he suggests that the clinging love of earthly life is not more than an instinctive shrinking from the unknown: —

We seem possessed by an unhappy love
Of this strange, glittering being upon earth,
Because we know not any other life,
And cannot gaze upon the things below,
But yield to idle tales.†

But more commonly his characters give unqualified utterance to the dread of death: —

This light is very sweet to men to see,
The realm below is naught. He raves who
prays
To die. †'Tis better to live on in woe
Than to die nobly.‡

Death, my dear child, is not all one with Life;
For Death is nothing, but in Life Hope lives.§

Death, under this aspect, is presented as extinction, dissolution, in which there seems to be no room for further restoration: —

* Herc. Fur. 922 ff. Comp. Hartung, Eurip. restit. ii. 29.

† Ibid. 1146.

‡ Ibid. 1398 ff.

§ Compare Professor Gardner, C.R., Dec. 1877, pp. 148 ff.

* Polyd. fr. 639; Phrix. fr. 830.

† Hippol. 193. Comp. Ion. 1066; Iph. Aul. 1507.

‡ Iph. Aul. 1250. Comp. Ibid. 537; contrast Ibid.

1368 ff.

§ Troad. 632.

He that but now was full of lusty life,
Quenched like a falling star, hath rendered
back

His spirit to heaven.*

Suffer the dead to be enwrapped in earth,
Suffer each element thither to return
Whence first it came; the spirit to the sky,
The body to the earth. For 'tis not ours,
But lent to us, to dwell in while life lasts,
And then the earth which formed it takes it
back.†

Bless thou the living: every man when dead
Is earth and shadow: nothing turns to nothing.‡

But of all the utterances on the future, the most pathetic in its utter hopelessness is that of Macaria. With generous and unhesitating devotion she offers herself for the deliverance of her kindred. She bids farewell to her aged guardian, Iolaus. She prays for the efficacy of her sacrifice. She asks for burial as her just recompense. And then she concludes: "This" — this salvation which I have bought, this grateful remembrance which I have gained —

This is my treasure there,
In place of children, for my maiden death,
If there be any life beneath the earth.
I pray there may be none. For if there too
We shall have cares, poor mortals doomed to die,
I know not whither we can turn; for death
Is held the surest medicine for woes.§

Once only, as far as I know, is there any reference in Euripides to future punishment. The words have been regarded as an interpolation; but the fact that they occur in the "Helen" justifies the thought that the poet may have allowed himself to adopt in part an Egyptian belief, with which he could not have been unacquainted. Theonoe, a prophetic sister of the king Theoclymenus, who wished to marry Helen by force in violation of the laws of hospitality, promises Menelaus her help in rescuing his long-lost wife. She cannot, she admits at once, be partner in her brother's crime:

Vengeance there is for this with those below,
And those above, for all alike. The mind
Of those that die lives not, indeed, but has

* *Fragm.* 961.

† *Suppl.* 531.

‡ *Meleag.* fr. 536. *Comp. Suppl.* 1140. This conception of the dissolution of the elements of man's being is of frequent occurrence in funeral inscriptions. It occurs on the monument to those who fell at Potidea in 432 B.C.; though sometimes a personal continuance of the soul "in the realm of the blest" seems to be implied. *Comp. Prof. Gardner*, l. c. pp. 163 ff. *Lenormant*, "La voie sacrée Eleusinienne," i. 51, 62 f.

§ *Heracl.* 591. *Comp. Antig.* fr. 176; *Alc.* 937.

Immortal feeling, grown incorporate
With the immortal æther.*

The thought suggested by the last lines is, as far as I know, unique. The isolated life of the individual appears to be contrasted with a conscious participation in the divine life as man's final destiny. This participation is necessarily limited by Euripides to a part of man's nature; but in fashioning the thought he seems to have reached the loftiest idea accessible before the Gospel.

If, however, this be, as I believe, a true expression of the mind of Euripides, it is a solitary flash of light in the general gloom. When he speaks, as he does rarely, of the dead as still conscious, he does not conceive of them as more than the cold shadows of the Homeric Hades. Neoptolemus invites the spirit of Achilles to drink the blood of Polyxena offered in his honor.† Theseus, in reply to Hercules, says that in Hades he was weaker than any man.‡ Those beneath the earth have no strength, no joy.§ At one time they are supposed to be conscious of things above, and then again to be ignorant of them. Hecuba, in the same play, speaks of Priam as ignorant of her calamity, and anticipates the protection of Hector for his son Astyanax in the realm of the dead.|| Orestes addresses his father in Hades as he shrinks from fulfilling the terrible duty required of him, and Electra nerves his indecision with the reply: —

All this thy father hears. 'Tis time to go.¶

Megara, in the "Hercules Furens," appeals to her lost husband in words which perfectly express the conflict of vague hope and fear: —

Dearest, if any mortal voice is heard
In Hades, Hercules, to thee I speak . . .
Help, come, appear, though but a shade to me,
For coming thou wouldst be defence enough.**

Once, in the "Hecuba," Euripides has ventured to introduce the dead upon the stage. The ghost of Polydorus opens the crowning tragedy of the fall of Troy. With natural inconsistency the disembodied spirit speaks now of itself, now of the unburied body as the "I: " —

I leave

The chamber of the dead and gates of gloom.

* *Hel.* 1013.

† *Hec.* 536.

‡ *Herc. Fur.* 1415.

§ *Orest.* 1084; *Cresph.* fr. 454.

|| *Troad.* 1314; 1234.

¶ *Iph. Aul.* 682.

** *Herc. Fur.* 490.

I lie upon the shore.*

Yet even here the shadowy vitality is only a transitory manifestation. The spirit, it is true, has left the body by its own act; it has obtained from the sovereign of the nether realm the power to appear. But all that it desires is burial and a tomb, the symbol of untroubled rest and posthumous remembrance.†

This representation of the ghost of Polydorus offers an interesting parallel to that of the ghost of Darius in the "Persæ." Widely different as Æschylus and Euripides are in their views of man and gods, they are alike in their general conception of Hades. The Great King, as Æschylus describes him, though a joyless prince below the earth, appears in ignorance of his people's disaster. He knows the future only as men may know it—from the oracles of the gods. The lesson which he has to give, to those who can yet follow it, is to rejoice in the present blessings of life:—

I go beneath the gloom of earth;
But you, ye elders, though in woe, be glad;
And give your souls to joy while the day lasts,
For wealth avails not to the dead below.‡

There is one partial exception to the general darkness which Euripides allows to fall over the grave. The plot of the "Alcestis" gives greater play to hope than is allowed elsewhere. The devotion of the heroic wife and the joyous strength of Heracles in the face of trials, which grow with each victory, inspire the spectators with confidence that even the terrors of death may be overcome at last:—

On each soul this boldness settled now,
That one who revered the gods so much
Would prosper yet.§

But the confidence, so far as it exists, rests on the unique merits of Alcestis, and not on the common destiny of man. She is addressed with a prayer as a "blessed deity."|| Still, for her also, Hades is sunless.¶ The future which Admetus looks forward to is, at best, a reflection of the present.** And doubt dashes the loftiest expectation:—

If there—aye there—some touch
Of further dignity await the good,

* Hec. i. 28.

† Comp. Hec. 319. The reference to "the third day" is remarkable. See St. John xi. 39, note.

‡ Persæ. 839.

§ Alc. 604 (Browning).

|| Alc. 1003.

¶ Alc. 436.

** Alc. 363.

Sharing with them, mayst thou sit throned by
her,
The bride of Hades, in companionship.*

But Alcestis herself does not rise beyond the legendary picture of the gloomy region of Hades. She sees the two-oared boat and Charon, and the darkness of the abode of the departed, and no ray of light falls upon it from the splendor of her devotion.†

There are, indeed, some few who are exempted from the cheerless lot of the common dead. The kindred of the gods can reach to heaven. Thetis promises Peleus that she will hereafter make him an immortal god, and that he shall dwell with her in the palace of Nereus.‡ Heracles rises to heaven itself.§ Achilles and Menelaus are to live in the island of the blest; || and the Muse, his mother, promises Rhesus she will obtain for him life as "a human deity" though she will never see his face.¶ But in speaking of these unusual blessings Euripides keeps within the limits of the epic legend. He repeats the old traditions, but he does not extend them. With these exceptions even the gods, who show in the future the triumph of righteousness, are silent as to the retribution of an unseen state. They promise no happiness, they denounce no suffering in the invisible order. The powers of the unseen world do not come within their view. This is shown most remarkably at the close of the "Hippolytus." Artemis appears in order to bring consolation to her dying worshipper. It might have seemed almost necessary that she should draw a bright picture of future unhindered companionship, of free fellowship untroubled by passion, of purity triumphant and unassailable. But of this there is not a word. All that she offers is the prospect of a pitiful vengeance and the honor of celebration upon earth.

Vitruvius mentions that the tomb of Euripides was still a place of frequent resort in his time (c. B.C. 15). It was situated, he says, just above the confluence of two streams. The waters of the one were noxious and unfit for human use; the waters of the other were pure and refreshing, and pilgrims drank of them freely.** The description reads like a parable of the position of the living poet,

* Alc. 744 (Browning).

† Alc. 252 ff.

‡ Andr. 1254, ff.

§ Heracl. 9, 871, 910 ff.

|| Andr. 1 c.; Hel. 1676.

¶ Rhes. 967.

** Vitruv. viii. 16.

and it is completed by a tradition preserved by Plutarch. The tomb, he relates, when it was completed was touched by fire from heaven, in token of the favor of the gods. This divine consecration was given besides only to the tomb of Lycurgus.*

Euripides certainly suffered, and thought, and wrote, at the meeting-point of conflicting currents of opinion and hope. He reflects and, to a certain extent, interprets the effects which followed from the dissolution of the old life and the old faith under the calamities of the Peloponnesian War and the influence of foreign culture. He treated the drama as Socrates treated philosophy; he brought it to the common concerns of daily experience, to the trials and the passions of simple men and women. So it is that he is the most modern of the ancient tragedians, because he is the most human.

The view of man's condition and destiny which he gives is unquestionably sombre. He has visions of lofty truth from time to time, but he does not draw from them any abiding support for trust. In his tragedies, the sorrows and failures of the good make themselves felt in their present intensity; the anticipations of ultimate retribution rest rather upon a rational conviction that it must be, than upon that sense of a divine fellowship which draws from the fulfilment of duty an inspiration of joy under every disappointment.

The religious teaching of Euripides corresponds, in a word, with that most touching and noble sentence which Plato, in this case perhaps with more than usual truth, quotes from a conversation with Socrates on the evening of his death. "In regard to the facts of a future life, a man," said Phædo, "must either learn or find out their nature; or, if he cannot do this, take at any rate the best and least assailable of human words, and, borne on this as on a raft, perform in peril the voyage of life, unless he should be able to accomplish the journey with less risk and danger on a surer vessel — some word divine."†

We can then study in Euripides a distinct stage in the preparation of the world for Christianity. He paints life as he found it when Greek art and Greek thought had put forth their full power. He scatters the dream which some have indulged in of the unclouded brightness

of the Athenian prospect of life; and his popularity shows that he represented truly the feelings of those with whom he lived, and of those who came after him. His recognition of the mystery of being from the point of sight of the poet and not of the philosopher, his affirmation of the establishment of the sovereignty of righteousness under the conditions of earth, his feeling after a final unity in the harmonious consummation of things in the supreme existence, his vindication of the claims of the fulness of man's nature, are so many testimonies of the soul to the character of that revelation which can perfectly meet its needs. Let any one carefully ponder them, and consider whether they do not all find fulfilment in the one fact which is the message of the Gospel.

It cannot be a mere accidental coincidence that when St. Paul stood on the Areopagus and unfolded the meaning of his announcement of "Jesus and the Resurrection," he did in reality proclaim, as now established in the actual experience of men, the truths which Euripides felt after — the office of feeling, the oneness and end of humanity, the completeness of man's future being, the reign of righteousness, existence in God.*

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

* Acts xvii. 23 ff.

From Good Words.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

(continued.)

LADY THWAITE wished to get rid of the sense of something wrong and to dissipate an uneasy qualm of conscience on her own account. Besides, she was a woman born to meddle, incapable of letting well alone, unless in her own private concerns, which she treated with the greatest respect and discretion. She caught Iris, as she was coming back into the ball-room, withdrew her from her partner and took possession of her, to have a little confidential chat, in a cool corridor which was then deserted.

"What is it, Lady Thwaite?" inquired Iris without a shade of apprehension, unless for the small trouble indicated in her

* Plut. Lyc. 31.

† Phædo. p. 85, C.

next words. "Oh! I hope nothing is going to put a stop to the cotillon. The bouquets and foolscaps have not gone amissing? Nobody is too bashful? Captain Hood has not begun to doubt his power to act as fugleman?"

"No, no, but I have hardly spoken to you to-night, my dear Iris, not even to congratulate you, if I may venture——"

"On my ball?" Iris finished the sentence. "Well, I do think it is going off delightfully in spite of the heat, and that everybody is happy. I am beginning to be sorry it is half over; I did not enjoy my other balls nearly so much, though you were very kind," ended Iris with a little sigh of content.

"I am so glad you find this ball especially charming; I am not surprised. But you did not quite take me up. It was not on the ball I thought of wishing you joy——may I not do it on something else?" said Lady Thwaite caressingly.

"On what else should you wish me joy?" inquired Iris wonderingly. "I dare say it is very stupid of me, but I do not in the least know what you mean. I think I am stupid to-night, for I have been two or three times puzzled by things people have said, or rather left half-said. Ludovic Acton, among the rest, professed not to presume to give his opinion on something we were talking about. I must have grown, unknown to myself, a grand, imposing person all at once."

"You are not stupid, and you have only grown grander by anticipation——you are merely modest, a rare quality, let me tell you, nowadays, and perhaps a little shy. But I must warn you, my love, shyness is not always wise where serious interests——the happiness of two people's lives——are at stake," she added with an air of matronly wisdom, and a tone of friendly caution. "Shyness may be misunderstood in certain cases, and cause irreparable mischief."

"What can you mean, Lady Thwaite?" cried Iris, provoked into standing still, with her cheeks hot and scarlet, and a sparkle and ring of justifiable vexation in her eyes and voice. "You speak as if there were somebody when there is nobody——nobody in the world. Not a soul has a right to say so, or to talk to me about it; though I hope I should have the sense and good feeling to let any friend talk to me for my good, if there were a shadow of reason for it. Mr. Acton, if you mean him," continued Iris incoherently, "though I cannot think why,

unless because he is Lucy's brother, and we have always been intimate friends——they have all been kind to me since I was a baby at the rectory——but we shall never be anything more than friends——we have never either of us had the most distant idea of——I should be so sorry, and I am afraid grandmamma would be very angry, if anything without the smallest foundation were said."

"Don't trouble yourself, there is no fear of it," said Lady Thwaite, with the faintest sarcasm in what continued the unruffled, smiling serenity of her scrutiny; "what is the proper word for what old-fashioned people used to call 'close'? Does your grandmother never say, as characters in novels were wont to do, 'My dear girl, you are very close'?"

Lady Thwaite could not in any sense be termed a bad woman. She was not cruel or treacherous or even tyrannical in her selfishness, and she had a genuine liking for Iris Compton; but she no more understood her than she could have understood the inhabitant of another world.

"I am almost a relation," went on Lady Thwaite, with her exasperatingly cheerful reproachfulness——"at least a most interested family connection."

Iris had been standing staring at the speaker, now she started with a gasp. "Lady Thwaite, you cannot mean Sir William, to whom grandmamma has been kind; and I have tried to be kind to him too, though of course I have nothing in my power. What do you take us for? He would never make such a dreadful mistake."

"Iris," said Lady Thwaite, thoroughly excited, "it is not other people who have been making mistakes; it is you who are——a perfect simpleton I had almost said, forgive me for such plain speaking——a greater child than I could have conceived possible. All the people here to-night are talking of your marriage with Sir William Thwaite almost as an accomplished fact. What is more, Lady Fermor has arranged the match. She has spoken of it to me. Sir William himself is looking for the fulfilment of the expectations which have been held out to him. It is right that you should know the truth, if you have never suspected it before."

"And was I to have no voice in my own marriage? What is there about me, what have I done, that people should see fitness in such a marriage? Would grandmamma give me to one of the servants, to a rude, ignorant working man?"

Lady Thwaite was touched by the misery in the girl's face, and by the self-restraint which prevented her from expressing it, save by the unconscious tightening of every muscle—so that the eyebrows grew contracted and the little mouth drawn—and by the involuntary clenching of her hand on one of the white roses of the bouquet, till the flower was crushed, and the petals fell unheeded to the ground. But Lady Thwaite was also provoked and indignant. "My dear Iris, I am very sorry. If I had dreamt that you would be so distressed, I should certainly not have spoken to-night and spoilt your pleasure, though it is high time somebody spoke to prevent a great *esclandre*. But, pardon me, you are speaking very foolishly in what you imply of Sir William. He is not to be mentioned in the same breath with an ordinary working man. No doubt, his branch of the family had been permitted to sink into obscurity, so that he was brought up very plainly; but he was still a Thwaite of Whitehills. For my part I think he showed his origin by preferring the army to any small trade, and I believe he proved himself a brave soldier. You know we have all accepted him, and given him his place among us. Every year that passes will see him in greater harmony with his position. I am convinced he is a rough diamond, with many admirable qualities, as men go. He is young, fairly good-looking—I may say rather handsome than the reverse—manly, honest. If you were as well acquainted with the world as I am, you would be aware that many, very many girls of your rank, whether they get their choice or not, have to go farther and fare worse, to put up with much heavier objections in their husbands than are involved in marrying poor Sir William."

To Lady Thwaite's surprise Iris gave a little nervous laugh as her only protest. Lady Thwaite fancied it was in scorn, and she was annoyed at this exhibition of pride in a girl whom Lady Thwaite had imagined only too good, gentle, and docile.

But the laugh was more hysterical than scornful, though Iris was too healthy in body and mind, with too much native dignity and self-respect in her simplicity, to be guilty of pronounced hysterics. Only Lady Thwaite's words had vividly recalled to her mind the half-forgotten sentence which she herself had spoken of Sir William, when she had seen him first, that he seemed "a good sort of young man;" and Lady Fermor had protested

impatiently such a report would have been very well if she had meant to hire him for a servant.

Yes, the recommendations which Lady Thwaite was citing were just the good character which one might get with a servant. The question was, whether the attributes of a good servant were quite those which a girl would look for in a husband, though it was true she might not fare the better as a wife for the lack of them.

Iris, in spite of the silence of her lips, had not been without her dream-husband, her ideal of true nobility, honor, grace, with every accomplishment for which she cared a straw. Compared to this ideal Sir William Thwaite was a clown, and something worse, if he had so grossly misinterpreted her, and presumed on her friendliness towards him.

Lady Thwaite went on in spite of the unpropitious laugh, "I think he was smitten with you at first sight. I am certain that he now worships the very ground you tread on. You could make almost anything of him. Would it not be worth your pains—a fit task for a girl so kind and unselfish as you are—to enable the poor Beast to break the spell of inadequate training and unfortunate associations, and see him rise the perfect prince of the fairy tale? I remember, Iris, finding you, when you were a little girl, reading 'Beauty and the Beast,' and crying your eyes out for the poor, self-denying, forsaken beast."

"That was long ago," said Iris, shaking her head. "I know now that Beauty had her rights, no less than the Beast—in fact, that there are no such Beauties and Beasts."

"Who would have expected cynicism from you? Was there not some old queen and saint who asserted her queenliness and saintship by christianizing and civilizing a barbarian of a husband, to whom my Sir William is a Paladin?"

"I am neither a queen nor a saint," answered Iris briefly; but she recollected instantly the whole story of St. Margaret, which Lady Thwaite had never read, and that Margaret's royalty and saintliness did not save her from dying of the stab of exquisite anguish, dealt by the bitter tidings that her old rustic wooer Malcolm, and their first-born son, had fallen together in the Northumbrian siege.

"I have only one word more to say," said Lady Thwaite, beginning to wonder at the zeal of her own pleading, when she was carried away by the spirit of the moment. "Lady Fermor is a very old wom-

an; it is simply natural and right that she should be concerned for your future. I don't wish to sadden you, love, but you will be a very lonely girl when she dies, and it is possible that she and Lord Fermor have not been able to make such an ample provision for you, as the world supposes. There may be other reasons, which you are too young, and do not know enough of the world, to comprehend, why it would be specially desirable for you to marry early and well, as society judges marriages. Is it at all surprising that your grandmother should wish to seize the opportunity of seeing you established at Whitehills? Though it is not above eight months since I lost poor Sir John, I think you must have forgotten what Whitehills is like," remonstrated Lady Thwaite between warmth and plaintiveness. "It is as well, perhaps, that you are to see it again to-morrow. I am not ashamed to confess that I was a proud woman when I came there first as its mistress. Whitehills, with a man who adores you — not at all a bad fellow, not vicious, or even superannuated, quite capable of becoming a respectable and respected county gentleman! Iris, think twice what you are about."

"Thinking a hundred times would not make any difference," retorted Iris, stung into passion, and proceeding, in her pain, to deal certain home-thrusts — of which she would have been incapable at a calmer moment — of whose point, in truth, she had little idea. "I may be left a poor solitary girl — far poorer and more solitary than girls who have been brought up to earn their bread. I may have to bear reproach; I have not been so happy as to fail entirely in the knowledge of evil, which will cling to me. And Whitehills may be a very grand place, with its mistress a most enviable woman. I dare say Sir William will not beat her, or prevent her from being a fine lady, though he is not a gentleman, and her friends will not forsake her. But for all that, I see no cause why I or any other girl should sell herself. That would be the lowest poverty, the most utter desolation of all, because it would be degradation and a lie."

"Then I imagine you must be suffered to go your own way," said Lady Thwaite a little loftily and angrily, "since your notions are so impracticable. I hope you will never regret your resolution. You will allow me to say so," she continued, recovering her temper. For it recurred to her again with greater force — why should she so press Sir William's suit?

It would be nicer for her if he were longer in marrying — nay, if he never married at all — though what, in that case, would become of dear old Whitehills? To think that it should go a-begging! But now she would have the clearest conscience with regard to having done her best, in seconding Sir William in the wish of his heart, though it went a little against her convenience rather than her interest.

Even Bill Rogers might have owned that the dowager had done something to earn her pension. Under the renewed sense of what was best for herself — doubtless for her "cousin" and Iris also — and under the full sunshine of an approving conscience, good-natured Lady Thwaite's touch of indignation at Iris's very tall notions and absurd unconventionality vanished speedily. "Iris" — Lady Thwaite addressed her companion soothingly — "don't mind it too much; it cannot be helped. It is vexing; but most girls have troubles of the kind to encounter, sooner or later, and though they are trying they can be got over. Indeed, I am not sure whether any girl would like to be entirely without them — we are such contradictory mortals; we women especially. This is a free country, though there may be some difficulty with your grandmother, who cannot be expected to see with your eyes, and generally objects to being thwarted. However, I make no question that Sir William will take his *congé* like a man. But if I were you, my dear, I should put him out of pain as quickly and humanely as possible. I am afraid he has deceived himself, and been deceived, without any fault of yours, while he may not stand being undeceived quite calmly just at first. Only don't frighten yourself. I dare say he will not go straightway to destruction, or even forget himself so far as to swear at you."

Lady Thwaite was laughing now; but though Iris felt hurt by this rapid transition to a light mood, as by everything else in the discussion, her wounded pride did not prevent her from more nearly breaking down than she had yet done. She could have implored Lady Thwaite to stay the *dénouement*, to save everybody from an explanation which could only be painful. If Lady Thwaite were right, which Iris to this moment doubted, with the doggedness of affront and mortification, and the utmost recoil from the next stage of the farce — surely it was a farce — not a tragedy — would not Lady Thwaite tell Sir William it could not be? She, Iris, was

very sorry; but the suggestion was monstrous. Well, if that would be too strong an epithet, the thing was not to be thought of for a moment. Sir William would take Lady Thwaite's word for his dismissal, and there would be an end of it. Lady Fermor could not say anything if he withdrew of his own accord.

Iris was saved from an entreaty which must have been refused, by the arrival of a servant, with an urgent request that Lady Thwaite and Miss Compton would return to the ball-room immediately. The second part of the programme, the cotillon, which was to give speciality to the ball, was about to begin, but it could not be started in the absence of the two ladies.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COTILLON.

LADY THWAITE was more sorry than ever for having interfered at so inopportune a time, though she had the consolation, which was great to a woman of her character, of knowing now exactly how matters stood.

"Are you quite able for it, Iris?" she inquired kindly. "Would you like to wait here a little longer, or to go to your own room for a few minutes? Shall I send to say the cotillon must be put off for another half-hour? It will not matter much, though the supper hour is coming on."

But whatever kind of home Lambford had proved to Iris, it had not been a nursery of self-indulgence. The place had not been without its bracing elements. She pulled herself together, slight young girl that she was, as a strong man might have done, and after putting her hand to her head for a moment, she answered, "No, thank you; where would be the good? I must not keep everybody waiting and disappoint people," and then she held up her drooping head and walked like a young queen back to the ball-room.

Lady Thwaite had never admired her so much. "She is too good for him and such a fate," she said to herself, for her abiding conviction was that the marriage was merely a thing of time. Lady Fermor would prevail eventually, for when had she not prevailed? Otherwise what would become of Iris, poor girl, in spite of her beauty and spirit, and what fortune she might inherit? It was a pity that she could not yield without a struggle. Sir William was a bit of a Turk, although all Lady Thwaite had said of him was true. It was to be hoped that he would not

develop into a Bluebeard. If Iris could have seen it to be her wisest course, it might have saved useless contention and suffering; but Lady Thwaite had done her best, her ladyship wound up with a shrug of her shoulders.

So courageously did Iris carry herself to hide her wound and hinder herself from becoming a drag on the satisfaction of her neighbors, that only one person remarked the girl who had left the ball-room the happiest creature there, and who returned to it dizzy from a blow, with her maidenly pride up in arms and humiliated, and her heart fluttering with nameless shame, pain, and terror. It was not her old friend, Lucy, who saw the change. It was the awkwardly stiff young man, clumsily encumbered with his lessons in polite accomplishments, wretchedly self-conscious, out of his element, and so racked with anxiety and shaken with alternate ague fits of heat and cold, hope and fear, that he could not offer the slightest response to the many overtures — some of them not ungenerous or self-seeking — made to him as he hung about the doors and corners of the room. The consequence was that he was pronounced the merest stick, the most unsocial fellow in the world. It was he who was quick to observe the subtle alteration in Iris Compton's look, though her gait was as elastic, and the rosy flush on her delicately rounded cheek a more perfect carmine than ever.

"They have allowed her to do herself up," he complained to himself angrily. "She is as sick as I am of all this fallalling rigmarole."

There was a little agreeable murmur rather than hush of expectation. Ladies sat and fanned themselves and complained of the July heat, but could not make up their minds to go out on the terrace — not just at this moment. They hoped there would be no thunderstorm before to-morrow, both for Sir William's hay and their presence at the haymaking. It was so seldom that there was any summer gaiety in Eastham, except tennis parties, of which everybody was sick, or harvest festivals and thanksgiving services, which might be pretty and improving but were not very entertaining. Gentlemen formed a succession of little circles, copying the circle of officers who wore the badge of the stewards of the concluding ceremonies.

A flutter among those who were not acquainted with the cotillon heralded the entrance of servants with a great basket

full of bouquets composed of distinctive individual flowers — of white stephanotis, roses of every hue, striped carnations, purple petunias, blue or scarlet salvias, yellow and brown calceolarias, each tied with its appropriate white, red, or blue riband. These bouquets were handed to all the young people, ladies and gentlemen alike. Then the masters of the ceremonies announced to the novices, who were fingering the flowers and gazing doubtfully at the ribands — not knowing what to make of the posies and their streamers, since the most of the recipients were already provided with bouquets — that these cotillon bouquets matched each other two and two, and were to serve as indexes in the choice of partners, besides being worn without fail by their owners in the waltz which was to follow.

Then commenced a grand hunt for corresponding nosegays with plenty of jesting and laughter. Short-sighted men peered about for special roses with their special ribands. Color and form-blind men obstinately persisted that oleander blossom was the flower of a balsam, or that the large clustered head of the plumbago, with its grey blue, was one and the same with the little sky-blue tufts of lobelia.

Nanny Hollis tied her nosegay of marigolds under one ear in a trice. She was a tall girl, but she stood up in order that yellow and brown might the more easily detect her. Maudie swung her Tom Thumb geraniums from her girdle like a châtelaine, and advised her partner to tie his flowers at his knee as a new order of the Garter.

But Iris Compton kept her stephanotis and its bridal white riband hidden out of sight, while she glanced round in fright. Some witch at Sir William Thwaite's elbow — it might have been Lady Thwaite in spite of everything — had guided his selection, for he was dangling a handful of stephanotis and looking about with eager trepidation.

Iris leaned back and stooped down to one of Lady Thwaite's young cousins. She was a little girl of fifteen, full of the enthusiastic admiration which some girls lavish on other girls older than themselves. Iris Compton was at present the object of Janie Fuller's devotion.

"Do you like the scent of stephanotis, Janie?" inquired Iris faintly; "I don't; it makes me sick." And she had grown as pale as a lily within the last few minutes.

"Oh, then don't keep it near you, dear Miss Compton," pleaded Janie, intent on

serving the heroine she was worshipping. "Give it to me, I am very fond of the scent, and though I were not, it would not matter. Change with me; my flower is only heather, with a tartan riband; that won't hurt you. But will it spoil the dance if we change the flowers? Will auntie or Lady Fermor be displeased? Oh, please tell me, Miss Compton," besought Janie in an agony of divided feelings. There was her delight in doing something for her goddess. There was her dread of not behaving properly and so annoying her aunt, who had procured for her, Janie, one of the greatest treats of her young life. Above all there was the terror of drawing down upon herself the wrath of that awful old Lady Fermor.

"No, no, there will still be partners for everybody, and I will take the responsibility. You know it is my ball, Janie," said Iris, hurriedly asserting her privilege with a poor attempt at a smile. At the same time she was ostentatiously shaking out her borrowed heather and tartan. They were successful in bringing to her side a stripling brother of Janie's, who would certainly have been a fitter partner for his sister than for the young mistress and beauty of the ball.

As for this very young gentleman who led Iris forth to the waltz, he was at the *nil admirari* stage of his existence. He would not have given a cricket match for all the balls in the world. He had already enraged Janie by declaring that he could not see what she made such a row about in Miss Compton, a maypole of a girl with a little round turnip of a head, pink painted cheeks, and the recollection of carrots in her hair. He would have preferred pulling about and teasing his sister, by a long chalk, to being compelled to stick that beastly rubbish of heather in the pocket of his jacket, and "to tread a measure," like any other theatrical ape, with the young lady of the house. The gentleman was not even propitiated by the circumstance that Iris, in her excitement and in the reaction produced by her small achievement, chatted to him as if she had been a very chatterbox.

Sir William fell to the share of the quaking Janie. He was hugely disappointed, and showed it transparently; but he had escaped seeing the manœuvre which gave him his partner, and fancied it was only a stroke of his bad luck, though he was considered, by the assembly generally, the luckiest fellow going.

If any other person received a surprise, at the result of the pairing of flowers and

couples, in one case, he or she was fain to conclude that a servant had blundered or had been unable to carry out private instructions.

The cotillon lottery had been quite fair, several people remarked with approbation, when they saw Miss Compton dancing with a schoolboy, and Sir William Thwaite, in his absence of mind, lifting Janie clean off her feet.

When the waltz was over there was another distribution of indexes and adornments. At the first glimpse, the young people were inclined to cry that the substitutes for the flowers were too childish and absurd. Then the company found that to every paper helmet or ass's head which was extracted from one of the crackers — that are generally reserved for the amusement of very juvenile parties on Christmas-eve and Twelfth Night — Lady Fermor had been so liberal as to add, by way of bribe, a pretty, more or less valuable trinket or fantastic charm, which could be worn either at a lady's or a gentleman's watch-chain.

A hum of gratification on the discovery testified that a large proportion of the bigger boys and girls there, were willing to make fools of themselves for a small reward.

If her fate and her human foes were alike minded to betray Iris on this occasion, she must submit so far to destiny. She must dance her round with Sir William, as the old, desperate villain danced his round beneath the gallows tree, though every eye in the room should be upon her and her partner, and every soul present mistake the couple's relations and injure and insult Iris by the mistake. Iris could not affect to be overcome by a paper crown, mitre, apron, or tippet; and she could not openly insult Sir William in her grandmother's house, by a marked rejection of his claim, and breach of the laws of the dance. She was too gentle, too courteous, her good breeding went too far beyond skin depth, to permit her thus to release herself, at the expense of Sir William and the company. The favor or treachery, call it what you will, appeared again in the distribution of the crackers, else Sir William was indeed the luckiest of men in externals and empty conquests. Fortune, half unbandaged, had awarded him a green paper sash with an emerald buckle to fasten it, and a fac-simile of the same sash and buckle lay in Iris's lap. His keen eyes detected the coincidence immediately. He came up and looked at her appealingly, with the blue eyes which

she had said melted like a woman's sometimes.

"I suppose we must seem as great babies as the others," she said, with a rush of color to the cheeks which had been pale just before. She spoke in a formal, constrained way — the first time she had shown such a manner to him. He started, and looked at her with a more desperate appeal than ever.

"Green is sorrow unseen," I should warn you," she said lingering, as if she hoped to find him superstitious, and to play on his superstition.

"I don't mind," he answered in a voice half-choked with the tumult of his feelings. "I don't mind anything."

She rose and stopped him from saying more. She ought to have fastened his scarf on his shoulder, but she left that duty to a servant while she clasped her paper rag beneath one arm.

The scene had changed to a harlequinade, in which Iris's one ray of comfort was that the two must pass comparatively unnoticed among much more ridiculous figures causing merriment verging on boisterousness. For had not tall Nanny Hollis fluttering wings pinned to her shoulders, and was she not dancing with the smallest mite of a man in the room, having companion wings tacked to his little shoulders, which, as they waved in time to the music, gave him the air of making a perpetual vain effort to fly up to a level with his partner? Was not Ludovic Acton waltzing and pointing the beak of a vulture over the shoulder of a "vulture maiden" from no greater distance than Knotley?

No wonder Mrs. Mildmay took to reproaching her husband as if this were more than she had bargained for, more than any exemplary matron could come through and live or else be forever compromised.

"Is it a masquerade ball, Tom? Oh, I thought masquerade balls were confined to the opera houses and only attended by actors and actresses."

"My dear Amelia, you ought to go more into society, indeed you ought," protested the aggrieved husband. "This is only one of the figures of the cotillon. You will take fright at calico balls next: you will say calico balls are only got up for music-halls and casinos."

Iris would have hoped that she and her partner passed unobserved among the greater notorieties, if Sir William had not waltzed a little wildly, as if he had lost his head, so that he did not stop with the

others, or hear her telling him she would not have another turn. And when he paused at last, it was before Lady Fermor who — Herculean old woman as she had shown herself — was just withdrawing to rest for half an hour before supper.

Iris tried to meet her grandmother's gaze without betraying consciousness or tremor, but the girl's modest hazel eyes fell abashed before the bold, half-taunting challenge which met hers. "What characters are you two young people representing?" cried the old lady in great good-humor. "A pair of Tyrolean beggars on the tramp with an organ-grinder? A couple of Foresters from the worshipful company that hold their annual festival at the Crystal Palace, only the wives and sweethearts do not go in character? They are supposed to be too retiring for fancy dresses. Well, I am pleased to see that you are enjoying yourselves, and I'm ready to say 'God bless you, my children,' whenever you like."

Iris drew her arm from Sir William's, and moved hastily away. He might take the words as a matter of course. He might not understand them in their stagey slang. This was a forlorn hope. But if he were sharper, what a cruelly mortifying ordeal for her to be thus thrown at any man's head! At the head of this man, who could hardly be expected to see that she had no share in the unwomanly transaction! It was not to be thought that he would disclaim it for her, or even feel for her in this humiliating position. She had never refused to admit that there were nature's noblemen, but these she understood to be martyrs, heroes, geniuses at the very least, not mere stiff, shy, young squires and baronets. She had been surprised to find that Sir William could conduct himself passably; but he had been led into an intolerable blunder, which a better-bred man might have avoided. He had been betrayed by the coarseness of perception and vain credulity, which had made him become an easy prey to her grandmother's scheme. At this very moment Sir William might be exulting in what his lands and title could do. He might be making up his mind to get rid of all the matters on which the couple differed — of what would appear to him her squeamishness and fads, from the time that he consented to take a willing bride.

Iris was mistress of the situation in the two concluding acts of the cotillon. These were the prettiest, most dramatic, and most foreign of the whole.

A chair was placed in the middle of the room, and Iris was the first called to fill it. A hand-mirror was given to her, a march was played by the band, all the young men in the room passed in single file at the back of her chair, each pausing an instant that his image might be reflected in the glass she held. If she accepted the first man for her partner, she must let his image remain, till he, recognizing the sign, came round to the front of the chair, from which she had risen, led her out of the circle, when the two ought to waltz a single round of the room. Then another girl seated herself in the chair, and the same performance was repeated. If Cassiopea rejected the first man, she passed her handkerchief across the mirror, as if she were brushing away the offending image; and she might go on effacing quenched partners, one after another, to the last man, and, blotting him out also, decline to dance at all.

It was a tableau rather than a dance, a capital tableau for a born actress or a finished coquette, who could improve upon the original idea by fine touches of coyness, disdain, hesitation, surrender, to the delight of the audience.

Iris was no coquette, and she had only one thought in her mind, that of publicly refusing to have anything more to do with Sir William Thwaite, by theoretically wiping out his image. Her nimble mind had quickly laid hold of one important deduction. If she accepted the first, second, or third man for her partner — of course taking it for granted that none of the gentlemen was Sir William — her decision would be to a great extent without point. It might look the simple effect of girlish shyness and unwillingness to offend. It would be treating the unpalatable suitor thrust upon her, exactly as she treated a large proportion of the other young men. She must behave as if she were deliberately waiting till the partner of her choice presented himself; she must sit till the reflection of Sir William was in the mirror, and she had the chance of seeming to wipe it out. Oh, surely then he would take the hint! and it would dawn upon him, that she had never looked upon him in any other light than that of an acquaintance and neighbor, who might be the better for a kind word or look. He would comprehend that she had pitied, even liked him, but never cared for him as her grandmother had arranged that they should care for each other.

Iris sat the picture of youthful loveliness, with an erect, undaunted carriage

which she had shown before on special occasions, but only then. The company, thinking of her youth, and having some idea of her relations with her grandmother, marvelled that she acted her part so well. "She will make a dignified mistress of Whitehills. What a boon to that cub Sir William! The man may creep altogether into his shell, and remain there for the rest of his days, with so efficient a partner. She will not let herself be put upon. She will know what to do for both — a child like that! How cool and composed! She is no schoolgirl blushing and giggling, and looking fatuously round for guidance and support. She might have been a trained actress, or the heiress to a great estate. It is wonderful!"

The gallants of Eastham behaved with the gentlemanlike *gaucherie*, the paralysis of intelligence, and morbid *mauvaise honte*, which is apt to attack the young gentlemen of England when they are unexpectedly called upon for an exhibition of histrionic talent. They tumbled and stumbled, sidled and boggled past Iris, who sat so still and so steadily, with her heart throbbing as if it would burst her bosom, or make its beating heard above the rhythm of the march, as with a movement that grew measured and mechanical, she passed her handkerchief lightly across the glass, and hid the reflection of one smiling, reddening face after another.

Still he did not come. What if in his laggardness, or in his conceit and vulgar desire to flaunt his triumph, he stayed to the last? Then Iris's fastidiousness and determination, in place of giving a conspicuous denial to his claims, would lend a glaring confirmation to the report and to his hopes; because, as the daughter of the house and leader of this figure of the cotillon, she could not well avail herself of the welcome privilege of not dancing at all. She began to get dizzy with apprehension, to be conscious of a panic laying hold of her. She would wait no longer. She would leave the next reflection unbroken in the mirror. But happily agitation did not dim her eyes, for what she saw was the representation of the upright figure and soldierly step tramping past — contrasting not unfavorably with the irregular, shuffling paces that had gone before — the head slightly bent, the flushed face glooming with a very passion of suspense. It was the image she had been looking for and dreading to see.

Iris's arm was not unnerved by the apparition. With a rapid gesture she swept

her handkerchief, as if in the impatience of high disdain, right across the glass.

Iris was conscious of a little stir of surprise in those around, and then she felt she could go no farther with the play. Instead of looking at Sir William's successor in the nearly completed file of rejected candidates, she shut her eyes for a second and let her arm drop, so that her handkerchief fell to the ground. The next moment she beheld Major Pollock leering and sneering and bowing before her. She had done well; she had given point to her suggestion with a vengeance. She had as much as said that a broken-down reprobate, the person she detested most among her acquaintances, was preferable in her eyes to the squire of Whitehills.

The consideration was a small consolation to Iris, when she was whirled away by the *ci-devant* man about town, with his step made up, like everything else about him — to suit his gout in this instance — his hateful, out-of-date, swaggering cock-combery. "Pon my word, I don't know what to say, Miss Compton, for this mark of your favor. I'm a modest man, so that I'm at a loss to know what I've done to deserve it, unless you and I are going to be better friends in future. You may depend upon it I'm eternally obliged to you."

Swearing friendship with Major Pollock — was that what Iris had come to? It was a greater consolation that she was soon done with him. So much time was spent in each girl's making her choice of a partner, that the chosen man had to be content with the honor of his election, and eschew the profit of more than one round of the room.

Iris did not venture to seek out Sir William with her eyes, and learn, by the evidence of her senses, whether he was rampaging in a rude fury, or merely moderately morose. She was fain to trust that he had got enough of the cotillon, and would keep himself out of the last figure, which was only another version of what had gone before. The reversal of that rule of society by which a gentleman is supposed either to select or to be given to his partner, in all the various forms in which people dispose of themselves or disport themselves in the upper circles, must have fascinated the imagination of that master of the ceremonies — or more probably that queen of fashion — to whom the cotillon is due. The last figure was a repetition, with a slight variation, of the magnanimous permission for a fanciful

girl rather than strong-minded woman to select her champion, while it also betokened that the invention of the author was beginning to fail.

All the girls in the ball-room stood together in the centre of the room, making a stationary blooming ring, with their faces turned to an outer ring of young men that moved round the inner ring. As inclination prompted her, a girl bowed and made a step forward to a privileged man of her acquaintance, who took her hand and led her to his side. If Iris had been stern in stamping out a false impression—a base insinuation—that she had stooped and sold herself to the master of Whitehills, Sir William Thwaite proved stubborn in insisting on a public demonstration which should dispel the dream of his life, and scatter his hopes to the winds. He was in the revolving ring of men, but Iris did not wait for him to approach her. She eagerly nodded and advanced to Ludovic Acton, when he drew near, and went aside with him. She did not want to hurt Sir William more than she could help. She was utterly incapable of wanton cruelty. The blow she had dealt had rebounded on her own head, the sword-thrust was quivering in her own heart. She was very glad when Lucy Acton graced Sir William with her hand before the whole of the young people were whirling round in a final waltz.

Supper followed immediately afterwards. Iris might have saved herself from a last spasm of fright, for Lady Fermor, who had returned to the ball-room, took Sir William's arm as the crowning mark of what she had intended to have been the significant distinction conferred on him throughout the evening, and Iris fell thankfully to her last partner. But King Lud did not monopolize the attention of his companion. She could not keep it from straying to Lady Fermor and Sir William; she could not shake off the suspicion that they were speaking of her, plotting against her, if it ought to be called a plot, when he might merely be complaining of her avoidance of him, and Lady Fermor smoothing him down and reassuring him. His face—primitively transparent in spite of its fair share of sense and intelligence—certainly looked so black that she feared other people must remark it, while Lady Fermor had her rallying, snap-your-fingers, authoritative expression in full force.

Iris's guess was not wide of the mark. Sir William had said, in his gruff, hurt undertones, "I tell you it is of no earthly

use. I had better let it alone before worse comes of it. I have your good will, I know, but that ain't everything."

"Now, Thwaite, what in creation are you down in the mouth about? You were all right when I left the room. Do you expect a girl like her to jump down your throat? Did you ever hear of such a quality as coyness? Are you not aware it is the most favorable, flattering symptom women betray at an early stage of a certain malady? Were you never told that when a woman is willing, a man can but look like a fool? Do you want to look like a fool? Would you deprive us of our single, short season of power? Don't we pay dearly for it to the best of you men in the long run? See what your *fête champêtre* to-morrow will do. Take my word for it that it will turn the scales, if there is any turning needed. She is just the style of girl, at the age to be idiotic about green fields, and rubbish of weeds, beetles, and snails, and all the rest of it. You can show her your house, too; and though it is, not like Lambford, to be plain with you—you observe I don't butter you up—it is a fine place of its kind. You have my consent to press your suit. I will see that you are not worsted in the end, but you cannot expect that you are to walk over the field and conquer, without a siege or a battle, or the shabbiest skirmish. The prize would not be worth the winning if you got it at so easy a rate."

Lucy followed Iris to her room that night. "Oh dear, it has been such a charming ball—everybody says so," exclaimed Lucy, in a glow. "I never enjoyed anything half so much in my life. I feel perfectly demoralized; and, do you know, that dear fellow, Sir William, has promised such a handsome subscription for the harvest feast! He hardly waited for me to speak of it. Of course I should not have thought of asking him to put down his name the first time I had spoken to him. But when he saw I was pleased with his volunteering a subscription, in the handsomest, most modest manner, I assure you, darling, he wished to double it. I had actually to forbid it. There is a man with his heart in the right place. That is of twice as much consequence as his having stamped and dug his fists into his eyes, after the fashion of Gerald and Charlie over their Latin grammar, or pulled an oar or ridden a hurdle race at Oxford or Cambridge. I was quite struck with his appearance to-night. He is a fine, soldierly-looking man when one

comes to study him closely. I don't in the least wonder that you, who value all that is honest and kind, like him so much, though you tease him a little."

It became clear enough to Iris, in her heart-sickness, that Lucy's ears had been open, and had picked up a good deal more than Sir William's subscription.

"I am glad you have been happy, Lucy," she said wearily.

"Oh, happy! I am only afraid it is wrong to be so happy in a scene of mere worldly gaiety — though the Church does not condemn innocent gaiety, does it, dear? Then there is to-morrow to look forward to. I shall so enjoy seeing White-hills again in a new light. But I shall leave you now, Iris, for you do look tired, and no wonder; but you must be at your brightest to-morrow."

Iris was at last at liberty to pace up and down her room, toss on her sleepless pillow, and cry, "Oh! I am glad it was not my real birthday," with the restless, tumultuous, half-fanciful trouble of youth.

From The Fortnightly Review.
FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.*

BY CANON FARRAR.

THE publication of the late Professor Maurice's biography, twelve years after his death, naturally awakens many recollections in the minds of those who knew and loved him; but it is not my object to add any further reminiscences to those which his son, Colonel Maurice, has here gathered together with so reverent and loving a hand; and others, especially Mr. Llewelyn Davies, have spoken far better of his teaching than I can hope to do. Many doubtless of his critics, and of those who belong to the various schools of his ecclesiastical opponents, will write of him in the same sneering tone to which we were familiar in his lifetime; and I shall offer no refutation of such criticisms. To my mind he stands above any need for counter eulogies. I merely wish to record some of the impressions which I received from his personal friendship and from the study of his works. It is a poor offering, but perhaps he, in his kindness, might have welcomed it as coming from an old pupil —

Ut caput in magnis ubi non est tangere signis
Ponitur hic imos ante corona pedes.

* *The Life of Frederick Denison Maurice*, chiefly told in his own letters. Edited by his son, Frederick Maurice. With Portraits; in 2 vols. Macmillan & Co.

His biography, now published, has a twofold value. It shows the unity of his life and the continuity of his teaching. I remember years ago hearing him in one of his lectures quote the lines of Wordsworth: —

The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Those lines — which were, he said, "as beautiful and noble a wish as a poet could utter" — were eminently true of himself. He was not one of those men who, like St. Augustine or Bunyan, have to turn over a new leaf at some special crisis of his career. To the last he retained "the young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks," and the aims and feelings of his youth were taken up and matured in the powers of his manhood. He was one of the few of whom Jeremy Taylor has spoken, of whom the grace of God takes early hold, and reason and religion run together like warp and woof to frame the web of an exemplary life. But further than this, his biography shows that the incidents of his early years, the sort of unspoken tragedy which was being enacted in his father's house, the daily spectacle which he witnessed of a deep religious separation between loving parents and loving children, contribute much to explain the peculiarities of his mind and style.

They explain, for instance, the largeness of his charitable tolerance and the anxious scrupulosity of his invariable candor.

Maurice had seen from childhood the compatibility of a holy character with a defective creed. Some of those who were nearest and dearest to him, and to whom he always looked with the deepest gratitude and affection — especially among the Unitarians — held views which were opposed to his most intense and cherished convictions. This was one cause of his chief intellectual characteristics. "The desire for unity," he said in a fragmentary autobiography, "has haunted me all my life through; I have never been able to substitute any desire for that, or to accept any of the different schemes for satisfying it which men have devised." In other words, says Colonel Maurice, "the great wish in the boy's heart was to reconcile those various earnest faiths which the household presented." As an undergraduate at Trinity College, he had learnt indirectly from the study of Plato and the teaching of Archdeacon Hare "that there is a way out of party

opinions which is not a compromise between them, but which is implied in both, and of which each is bearing witness." This spirit and principle runs through all his writings, and he was as well aware of its unpopularity as of its importance. His aim always was, not to give cut-and-dried opinions on party questions, and least of all to express them in epigrammatic forms which could be used as effective missiles in controversy, but to set free his own mind and those of his fellow-men from the bias of unfair prejudice. He would not tumble his readers into a stage-coach, which would certainly not take them on the road to truth, but he would lend them a staff and lantern, and himself set forward with them on the way. It was a habit of his mind which is illustrated in his "Religions of the World," in his "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy," and in multitudes of his sermons, to search invariably for the positive elements in the faith and opinions of every man, and to avoid the mischievous "negative" elements which lay in their denunciations of others. This was one reason why several of his works were written in the form of dialogues. I have heard him say that there were very few books in the world — pre-eminent among them are the writings of Plato — which adopt this "maieutic" or "obstetric" method of guiding men to truth, by a fair discussion of the premisses on which alone it can be based. He expressed the hope that the day might yet come when more books of this kind should be written. "If I, being no Samson," he writes to his wife, "have got any strength at all, I will tell you, being no Delilah, where the lock is on which it depends: it is simply in the faith that the truth which is highest, as well as the highest faculty which apprehends it, is also the most universal. I certainly find very few who see this as clearly as I wish them to see it. Some form of intellectual worship, some exclusiveness or other, mars the fulness of this conviction. Till men are brought to it somehow, the philosophy of Christianity and of the Church cannot even be approached by them; both must seem to them foolishness."

These views and this method explain not only his writings, but much also of his life. They give the reason why he was an object of hostility to all party-men, upon each of whom, without any distinction, he urged fairness towards one another. He was never of the least use to the heated partisans who rushed so eagerly to pelt some unpopular scapegoat of

the hour. It might be predicted as safely of him as of Dean Stanley — a man unlike him in everything but innate truthfulness and chivalrous generosity — that he would never be actuated by the "eternal spirit of the populace," which leads men to trample savagely on the persecuted, and that he would never be conspicuous in any "clerical stampede." He was quite ready to "alienate all respectable Church people" by opposing the Hampden agitation. He stood among a very small number of the clergy in firmly supporting the admission of Jews into Parliament. This he did on the ground, which to most persons would still be unintelligible, that he acknowledged Christ as the root of our national stability, and not the weak *declaration* that he is so. Against the opinion of those who chiefly worked with him, he defended the retention of the Athanasian Creed on the ground, to many no less unintelligible, that it gave the true conception of eternal life as consisting exclusively in the knowledge of God, and that it saved us from judging others by *seeming* to pronounce upon them a judgment so harsh that it could not be regarded as meant for any individual offenders except ourselves. His desire for unity sprang out of that love of truth which disunion and opinionativeness always distort. With characteristic humility he tells us that as a child he had the same temptations to speak and act falsely as other children. "I dare say I yielded to them as often. But I do think there was in me a love of truth which has kept alive in me ever since."

It was the fusion of Maurice's love of truth with his yearnings for unity which gave to his writings the "obscurity" of which almost all but his immediate disciples complained. In reality no writer, so far as his English style was concerned, was less obscure. His sentences were often too long; but I do not think that it is ever possible to mistake their meaning, or to doubt as to the construction which can alone be put upon them. The little children whom he taught, the working men to whom he lectured, the poor villagers of the country parishes in which he ministered, never found him obscure or mystical. But to many others, to persons of culture and to violent ecclesiastical controversialists, he seemed to speak parables, because he had a habit of addressing them interrogatively rather than by assertion, and because their minds were unreceptive of the truths which he desired to set forth. Men look to their

religious guides for definite propositions and systematized inferences, set forth in clear outline, rather after the manner of Fra Angelico than after the manner of Rembrandt. But Maurice saw truth as Dante saw charity, in a sunlike centre of light, which caused the outlines of all but the main features to be indistinguishable in the surrounding glory.*

Dark with excess of light her skirts appeared.

If a man can see only one fragment of a truth and one side of a question, he may feel that absolute certainty about every disputable point which is a characteristic of many minds; but if he desires to be scrupulously fair, he finds it impossible to shut his eyes to the fact, that views which are forced by their adherents into the sharpest contradiction are often in reality complementary and supplementary of each other. Maurice's one aim, therefore, was to persuade men not to plunge into mutual denunciations, but to find a basis for unity in things essential, and to assert modestly and tolerantly the special truths which they severally held. "Nothing," he said, "goes nearer to take away one's senses than the clatter of tongues when you feel every one is wrong, and know that if you tried to set them right you would most likely go as wrong as any. It would not be so if one had learnt to keep Sabbath days in the midst of the world's sin—but that is the difficulty."

Cognate to this balance and resolute fairness of mind was his determination to take all men at their best, and to judge them and their opinions in the most favorable light. It sometimes happens that one text takes more powerful hold of a man's mind than any other, and exercises a preponderant influence upon his life. The text to which Maurice most constantly refers as a rule of conduct is "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged." He tells us that he held it in more reverence than any other in the whole Bible. "I do not believe that we can, any of us, know the inmost thoughts of another man with reference to God." It always produced self-contempt in him if he was led to sauciness of language † or impertinence in judging

others. And this beautiful habit of mind depended again, in no small degree, on the belief which lay at the centre of his entire theology, namely, the headship of Christ. Every relation to our fellow-creatures seemed to Maurice to be a step in a ladder which reached to Christ. The thought which is rarely absent from any of his books for many pages is that Christ is king, and that the Church is his kingdom. His wife once said to him that he might do much better work if he would only act on his conviction that Christ is in every one. He recognized in the rebuke the clearest indication of what he felt to be God's purpose in all his teachings, and it led him to such remarks as this to Sir E. Strachey: "One can find enough that is not good and pleasant in all; the art is to detect in them the good thing which God has put into each, and means each to show forth;" and this to his wife, "I wish for you and myself, dearest, lynx eyes for distinguishing between the precious and the evil in ourselves and in others, and then that those eyes may have a charm to make the evil as though it were not; for in very truth it is a falsehood. It has no reality, and why should we not treat it as having none."

The formative ideas of his theology have already become apparent in this sketch of some elements of his character. From his earliest days he was a devout and constant student of the Bible, and—especially by his "Prophets and Kings"—he shares with Dean Stanley the high honor of having helped to make its scenes and characters more real to thousands of Christians. But he was not timid about its authority, and did not exalt it into an object of worship. It was not to him a collection of authorized dogmatic writings, or a religious book from which everything might be cut out which was not found in Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," but a book of work, and business, and politics, not the least like Doddridge, or any other treatise about the soul. When eleven thousand clergymen declared that the Bible not only *contains* but *is* the Word of God, the statement struck him not as an exaggeration, but as a perilous *denial* of the truth. "*The word of God*," he said, "I believe, as St. John taught, and as George Fox taught, to be very much above the Scriptures, however He may speak by and in the Scriptures." He regarded all *systems*, as such, as being of the earth, earthy; but he regarded the Church as a part of the spiritual constitution of which the nation and the family

* Dante, *Purgator*. xxix. 118.

† Maurice's letters and writings are singularly free from severe remarks about persons, even when he was most deeply moved. One of the severest in the book is his remark—only, be it observed, in free private intercourse with an intimate friend—about Mansel's Carlton Club and Oxford Common Room yawn. "Pon my soul! can't see why evil should not last forever, if it exists now."

are lower and subordinate parts. He did not look on baptism as a rite in which a supernatural result was attached to a mechanical action, but as being the sacrament by which we claim the position which Christ has claimed for all mankind. He was rendered absolutely miserable by Dr. Pusey's tract on baptism, which "taught that the baptised child was holy for a moment after its baptism, but in committing sin lost its purity, and could only be recovered by acts of repentance and a system of ascetical discipline." He differed from the "Evangelicals," because they "seem to make sin the ground of all theology," whereas it seemed to him "that the living and holy God is the ground of it, and sin the departure from the state of union with him into which he has brought us." The belief that Christ, and not the devil, was, in all senses, the king of the universe, seemed to him a matter of life and death, and in that belief his whole theology was summed up. Instead of regarding the fall as determining man's condition, and the devil as the arbiter of it, he thought that the work of the Church was to witness that Christ was the head of every man. His whole being, as Hüber says, "was drenched in Christianity." If he could not address all persons as members of Christ and children of God, he said that he could not address them at all. Christ was to him not the head of a sect, not the founder of a religion. To speak thus of him seemed to Maurice "a ghastly substitution" of religionism in the place of a belief in the redemption of mankind by the Son of man, and the Son of God. In all his writings, even in his university lectures, we find "Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end."

From this it is easy to understand the three chief controversies by which his life was agitated. He did not, as is still repeatedly asserted, deny the eternity, he did not even deny the possible endlessness of punishment; but he did teach, as Christ himself does, and as St. John invariably does, that the adjective "eternal" signifies a state or condition, not an infinite addition sum. To him eternity was the antithesis of time, not its indefinite extension. He saw that, in the New Testament, things eternal are not things future, but things unseem. We are now living in eternity if we have any true life at all. He could not accept the dogma of Universalism, because he could not tell whether it might not be possible for the soul to exercise its own free-will in resisting God forever; but heaven meant to

him the forgiveness of sins, not the remission of punishment. He held that the starting-point of the gospel was the absolute love of God, its reward the knowledge of that love. He did not himself dogmatize about "the duration of future punishments;" he only protested against all dogmatism on the subject. He never asserted the absurdity, with which he was charged by Dr. Jelf and others, that impenitent and unbelieving sinners would be saved, seeing that he regarded unbelief and impenitence as *being* damnation. To him God was the God of hope, and the devil the spirit of despair, and therefore he saw no reason to assert that the victory of eternal love over sin must be impossible unless it were gained during this mortal life. His conception of the gospel was that it was a message that God saves the world. Much of the current theology appeared to him in the light of "destruction taking the name of a gospel." Dr. Pusey publicly said that he and Maurice "worshipped a different God," and Maurice was almost driven to accept that terrible statement, for he worshipped "the God who was manifested in his son Jesus Christ, and not another altogether different being, in whom we mingle strangely the Siva and the Vishnu — the first being the ground of the character, the other its ornamental and graceful vesture."

The controversy with Dean Mansel stirred his heart to its inmost depths. The arguments of the once famous but already half-forgotten Bampton lectures seemed to cut away the very roots of all that he had ever taught. To him the essence of faith was a desire to know God, which had never been satisfied except by the manifestation of God in the person of Christ. He saw clearly that Mr. Mansel's arguments would become, as they have become, the basis of the negation to which Professor Huxley has given the name of Agnosticism. The very reason why as a youth he had ceased to be a Unitarian arose from his belief that the incarnation had brought home to men in a man the very knowledge of God which Mr. Mansel declared to be impossible. The Bampton lectures were hailed with a tumult of acclamation by the religious press, and the author was promoted at once to one of the metropolitan deaneries; but, nevertheless, Maurice saw in them a denial of that real knowledge of the love of God, which was to him the very gospel; a definite setting up of "religion" against God. It is remarkable that the most powerful statement of the

essentially subversive and irreligious tendency of Dean Mansel's arguments should have come from John Stuart Mill.*

The controversy with Bishop Colenso agitated him less deeply on theological, but more deeply on personal grounds. Bishop Colenso had long been his friend, and had embraced many of his views. About his special criticisms and calculations Maurice cared less than nothing, but he was so pained and shocked by the apparent inference that there was no substantial truth in the narrative of the Pentateuch, that, with a chivalry of spirit infinitely rare, he was on the point of giving up his incumbency of St. Peter's, Vere Street, in order that he might without suspicion defend the cause of the Church among whose clergy, so far at any rate as they are represented by their religious journals, he had ever found his bitterest and least scrupulous opponents. The passion which he felt on the subject led him to one of the severest remarks which occur throughout the whole biography. "To have a quantity of criticism about the dung in the Jewish camp and the division of a hare's foot thrown in my face, when I was satisfied that the Jewish history had been the mightiest witness to the people for a living God against the dead dogmas of priests, was more shocking to me than I can describe." It was hardly less shocking to him that Bishop Colenso should be claimed on this ground as the apostle of free thought, and that the clergy in general wrapped themselves more closely in their dreary and hopeless literalism. And yet, intense as were his feelings on the subject, he desisted from the steps which he contemplated simply because to carry them out would have worn the aspect of taking the side of the strong against the weak. It was just that against which he had struggled all his life. "All through life his great conviction had been that the solitary Man upon the cross is always stronger than the surrounding crowds of soldiers and of priests."

I have no space to dwell on all Mr. Maurice's other achievements. His works do follow him. His labors as a clergyman were always admirable. Like Jean Gerson, he loved at all times to gather the little children around him. He was never so happy as when, in country parishes, he was preaching the gospel to

the poor. He never *read prayers*, he *prayed*. Those who in Lincoln's Inn Chapel heard him read the Litany and the Athanasian Creed, came away with a new conception of their force and meaning. Had he been a philanthropist and nothing besides, I doubt whether any man since the days of St. Vincent de Paul has been the originator of more and more fruitful works than he. The early-closing movement, the "days in the country" for ragged children, the co-operative movement, the higher education of women, the working-men's college, the organization of charity, the establishment of girls' homes, the Sanitary League, and many other endeavors to promote the happiness of society, count him as one of their first founders, or earliest and most self-denying supporters. Mr. Matthew Arnold says that he spent his life "in beating about the bush with deep emotion, but never started the hare." Most men would have a right to die happy if they had started but one such hare as these.

Above all, if Maurice had left nothing else to the world, he has left the legacy of one of the noblest, purest, and grandest characters which this generation has seen. We are sometimes told, with a good deal of superfluous scorn, that his works won't live. It is a question supremely indifferent to those who loved him best. It is a result over which no man has any personal control. It is important for the world, it is of consummate importance for himself, that every man use his powers honestly and faithfully in the cause of all things which are true and just and pure; but it is a question of little or no concern to him whether his works are destined to attain the rare and brief continuance which is called "immortality." Hundreds of books which no human being will ever read again yet live in the most effectual way by the influence which they have exercised over thousands in the day when they were written, and over hundreds of thousands who have propagated the thoughts and impulses which were originally derived from their pages. Even if Maurice's writings should cease to be sold or published, they have profoundly affected the thoughts of men both in this and the last generation. We have a right to hope that by means of his son's record of what manner of man he was, he may exercise an influence still deeper and nobler.

For this man, to rail at whom well-nigh every religious critic of every religious newspaper dipped his pen in gall and

* Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy, pp. 88-105, where Mill protests against the attribution to God of qualities which have a certain signification in man, but are meant to have a totally different signification in him.

falsehood, was one of the holiest, humblest, tenderest, most loving of men. A relative says of him, that even in childhood he never knew him to commit even an ordinary fault, or apparently to entertain an immoral idea. He fulfilled Dante's ideal of one who was in boyhood gentle, obedient, and modest; in youth temperate, resolute, and loyal; in manhood prudent, just, and generous; in age thankful, and in perfect peace with God.* All his life long he showed an awful sense of responsibility, and a delicate fastidiousness of conscience. He was always a friend to the weak, and wholly fearless of the strong. He had risen completely superior to the infirmity of ambition. He lived in prayer; sometimes he devoted the whole night to prayer, like the saints of old. He would never think even of a pleasant plan for himself unless he could connect it with a moral law. "Dearest, pray that we may be kept thinking of high and earnest things," he wrote to his wife, "and so may do our common duties better and live in love." All who enjoyed the happiness of his friendship, or even of his acquaintance, will unite in saying of him, as was said of Newton, that he was "the whitest soul they had ever known." It was this man — this humble, self-denying, chivalrous-hearted saint of God, of whom Archdeacon Hare said, in words which many who knew him will endorse, that he was "incomparably the grandest example of human nature that it has ever been my happiness to know;" it was this man, perhaps the truest, bravest, most orthodox, most Christ-loving and Christ-like Christian whom this generation has seen; this man, in whose teaching there was a prophetic accent not heard in any living voice, — who, thanks to the faglemen of the so-called "religious world," lived amid perpetual storms of abuse and falsehood, and spent his life under the oppression of a perpetual hissing. For these religious assailants, whose aim it seems to have been slowly to sting him to death, he felt a sovereign pity, and for the temper by which they were animated a sovereign disdain. Unhappily, as is shown by too many pages of his biography and of his own writings, their attacks, misrepresentations, and slanders caused him acute mental anguish, and he did not learn the simple remedy of never reading and never noticing a single line they wrote. But they never caused him to waver in fulfilling the high duties which

God had ascribed to him, nor even produced the sad and common result of breaking down his faith in human nature.

He loved the world that hated him; the tear Which dropped upon his Bible was sincere. Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife, His only answer was a blameless life; And he that forged and he that flung the dart Had each a brother's interest in his heart. Blush, Calumny, and write upon his tomb, If honest eulogy will leave thee room, Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies Which aimed at him have pierced the offended

skies,
And say, blot out my sin, confessed, deplored,
Against Thine image in Thy saint, O Lord!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

BOURGONEF.

CHAPTER IV.

A DISCOVERY.

BOURGONEF's remark had been but too sagacious. The police were hopelessly baffled. In all such cases possible success depends upon the initial suggestion either of a motive which leads to a suspicion of the person, or of some person which leads to a suspicion of the motive. Once set suspicion on the right track, and evidence is suddenly alight in all quarters. But, unhappily, in the present case there was no assignable motive, no shadow darkening any person.

An episode now came to our knowledge, in which Bourgonef manifested an unusual depth of interest. I was led to notice this interest, because it had seemed to me that in the crime itself, and the discussions which arose out of it, he shared but little of the universal excitement. I do not mean that he was indifferent — by no means; but the horror of the crime did not seem to fascinate his imagination as it fascinated ours. He could talk quite as readily of other things, and far more readily of the French affairs. But on the contrary, in this new episode he showed peculiar interest. It appeared that Lehfeldt, moved, perhaps, partly by a sense of the injustice which had been done to Kerkel in even suspecting him of the crime, and in submitting him to an examination more poignantly affecting to him under such circumstances, than a public trial would have been under others; and moved partly by the sense that Lieschen's love had practically drawn Kerkel within the family — for her choice of him as a husband had made him morally, if not

* Dante, Canzone xvi., st. 7.

legally, a son-in-law; and moved partly by the sense of loneliness which had now settled on their childless home,—Lehfeldt had in the most pathetic and considerate terms begged Kerkel to take the place of his adopted son, and become joint partner with him in the business. This, however, Kerkel had gently yet firmly declined. He averred that he felt no injury, though great pain had been inflicted on him by the examination. He himself in such a case would not have shrunk from demanding that his own brother should be tried, under suspicions of similar urgency. It was simple justice that all who were suspected should be examined; justice also to them that they might forever clear themselves of doubtful appearances. But for the rest, while he felt his old affectionate respect for his master, he could recognize no claim to be removed from his present position. Had she lived, said the heart-broken youth, he would gladly have consented to accept any fortune which her love might bestow, because he felt that his own love, and the devotion of a life, might repay it. But there was nothing now that he could give in exchange. For his services he was amply paid; his feelings towards Lieschen's parents must continue what they had ever been. In vain Lehfeldt pleaded, in vain many friends argued. Franz remained respectfully firm in his refusal.

This, as I said, interested Bourgonef immensely. He seemed to enter completely into the minds of the sorrowing, pleading parents, and the sorrowing, denying lover. He appreciated and expounded their motives with a subtlety and delicacy of perception which surprised and delighted me. It showed the refinement of his moral nature. But, at the same time, it rendered his minor degree of interest in the other episodes of the story, those which had a more direct and overpowering appeal to the heart, a greater paradox.

Human nature is, troubled in the presence of all mystery which has not by long familiarity lost its power of soliciting attention; and for my own part, I have always been uneasy in the presence of moral problems. Puzzled by the contradictions which I noticed in Bourgonef, I tried to discover whether he had any general repugnance to stories of crimes, or any special repugnance to murders, or, finally, any strange repugnance to this particular case now everywhere discussed. And it is not a little remarkable, that during three separate interviews, in the course

of which I severally, and as I thought artfully, introduced these topics, making them seem to arise naturally out of the suggestion of our talk, I totally failed to arrive at any distinct conclusion. I was afraid to put the direct question, Do you not share the common feeling of interest in criminal stories? This question would doubtless have elicited a categorical reply; but somehow, the consciousness of an *arrière-pensée* made me shrink from putting such a question.

Reflecting on this indifference on a special point, and on the numerous manifestations I had noticed of his sensibility, I came at last to the conclusion that he must be a man of tender heart, whose delicate sensibilities easily shrank from the horrible under every form; and no more permitted him to dwell unnecessarily upon painful facts, than they permit imaginative minds to dwell on the details of an operation.

I had not long settled this in my mind before an accident suddenly threw a lurid light upon many details noticed previously, and painfully revived that inexplicable repulsion with which I had at first regarded him. A new suspicion filled my mind, or rather, let me say, a distinct shape was impressed upon many fluctuating suspicions. It scarcely admitted of argument, and at times seemed preposterous, nevertheless it persisted. The mind which in broad daylight assents to all that can be alleged against the absurdities of the belief in apparitions, will often acknowledge the dim terrors of darkness and loneliness — terrors at possibilities of supernatural visitations. In like manner, in the clear daylight of reason I could see the absurdity of my suspicion, but the vague stirrings of feeling remained unslenced. I was haunted by the dim horrors of a possibility.

Thus it arose. We were both going to Munich, and Bourgonef had shortened his contemplated stay at Nuremberg that he might have the pleasure of accompanying me; adding also that he, too, should be glad to reach Munich, not only for its art, but for its greater command of papers and intelligence respecting what was then going on in France. On the night preceding the morning of our departure, I was seated in his room, smoking and discussing as usual, while Ivan, his servant, packed up his things in two large portmanteaus.

Ivan was a serf who spoke no word of any language but his own. Although of a brutal, almost idiotic type, he was loudly

eulogized by his master as the model of fidelity and usefulness. Bourgonef treated him with gentleness, though with a certain imperiousness; much as one might treat a savage mastiff which it was necessary to dominate without exasperating. He more than once spoke of Ivan as a living satire on physiognomists and phrenologists; and as I am a phrenologist, I listened with some incredulity.

"Look at him," he would say. "Observe the low, retreating brow, the flat face, the surly mouth, the broad base of the head, and the huge, bull-like neck. Would not any one say Ivan was as destructive as a panther, as tenacious as a bull-dog, as brutal as a bull? Yet he is the gentlest of sluggish creatures, and as tender-hearted as a girl! That thick-set, muscular frame shrouds a hare's heart. He is so faithful and so attached, that I believe for me he would risk his life; but on no inducement could you get him to place himself in danger on his own account. Part of his love for me is gratitude for having rescued him from the conscription: the dangers incident to a military life had no charm for him!"

Now, although Bourgonef, who was not a phrenologist, might be convinced of the absence of ferocious instincts in Ivan, to me, as a phrenologist, the statement was eminently incredible. All the appearances of his manner were such as to confirm his master's opinion. He was quiet, even tender in his attentions. But the tyrannous influence of ideas and physical impressions cannot be set aside; and no evidence would permanently have kept down my distrust of this man. When women shriek at the sight of a gun, it is in vain that you solemnly assure them the gun is not loaded. "I don't know," they reply — "at any rate, I don't like it." I was much in this attitude with regard to Ivan. He might be harmless. I didn't know that; what I did know was — that I didn't like his looks.

On this night he was moving noiselessly about the room employed in packing. Bourgonef's talk rambled over the old themes; and I thought I had never before met with one of my own age whose society was so perfectly delightful. He was not so conspicuously my superior on all points that I felt the restraints inevitably imposed by superiority; yet he was in many respects sufficiently above me in knowledge and power to make me eager to have his assent to my views where we differed, and to have him enlighten me where I knew myself to be weak.

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In the very moment of my most cordial admiration came a shock. Ivan, on passing from one part of the room to the other, caught his foot in the strap of the portmanteau and fell. The small wooden box, something of a glove-box, which he held in his hand at the time, fell on the floor, and falling over, discharged its contents close to Bourgonef's feet. The objects which caught my eyes were several pairs of gloves, a rouge-pot and hare's-foot, and a black beard!

By what caprice of imagination was it that the sight of this false beard lying at Bourgonef's feet thrilled me with horror? In one lightning-flash I beheld the archway — the stranger with the startled eyes — this stranger no longer unknown to me, but too fatally recognized as Bourgonef — and at his feet the murdered girl!

Moved by what subtle springs of suggestion I know not, but there before me stood that dreadful vision, seen in a lurid light, but seen as clearly as if the actual presence of the objects were obtruding itself upon my eyes. In the inexpressible horror of this vision my heart seemed clutched with an icy hand.

Fortunately Bourgonef's attention was called away from me. He spoke angrily some sharp sentence, which of course was in Russian, and therefore unintelligible to me. He then stooped, and picking up the rouge-pot, held it towards me with his melancholy smile. He was very red in the face; but that may have been either anger, or the effect of sudden stooping. "I see you are surprised at these masquerading follies," he said in a tone which, though low, was perfectly calm. "You must not suppose that I beautify my sallow cheeks on ordinary occasions." He then quietly handed the pot to Ivan, who replaced it with the gloves and the beard in the box; and after making an inquiry which sounded like a growl, to which Bourgonef answered negatively, he continued his packing.

Bourgonef resumed his cigar and his argument as if nothing had happened.

The vision had disappeared, but a confused mass of moving figures took its place. My heart throbbed so violently that it seemed as if its tumult must be heard by others. Yet my face must have been tolerably calm, since Bourgonef made no comment on it.

I answered his remarks in vague fragments, for, in truth, my thoughts were flying from conjecture to conjecture. I remembered that the stranger had a florid complexion; was this rouge? It is true

that I fancied that the stranger carried a walking-stick in his right hand; if so, this was enough to crush all suspicions of his identity with Bourgonef; but then I was rather hazy on this point, and probably did not observe a walking-stick.

After a while my inattention struck him, and looking at me with some concern, he inquired if there were anything the matter. I pleaded a colic, which I attributed to the imprudence of having indulged in *sauerkraut* at dinner. He advised me to take a little brandy; but, affecting a fresh access of pain, I bade him good-night. He hoped I should be all right on the morrow — if not, he added, we can postpone our journey till the day after.

Once in my own room I bolted the door, and sat down on the edge of the bed in a tumult of excitement.

CHAPTER V.

FLUCTUATIONS.

ALONE with my thoughts, and capable of pursuing conjectures and conclusions without external interruption, I quickly exhausted all the hypothetical possibilities of the case, and, from having started with the idea that Bourgonef was the assassin, I came at last to the more sensible conclusion that I was a constructive block-head. My suspicions were simply outrageous in their defect of evidence, and could never for one moment have seemed otherwise to any inagination less riotously active than mine.

I bathed my heated head, undressed myself, and got into bed, considering what I should say to the police when I went next morning to communicate my suspicions. And it is worthy of remark, as well as somewhat ludicrously self-betraying, that no sooner did I mentally see myself in the presence of the police, and was thus forced to confront my suspicions with some appearance of evidence, than the whole fabric of my vision rattled to the ground. What had I to say to the police? Simply that, on the evening of the night when Lieschen was murdered, I had passed, in a public thoroughfare, a man whom I could not identify, but who, as I could not help fancying, seemed to recognize me. This man, I had persuaded myself, was the murderer; for which persuasion I was unable to adduce a tittle of evidence. It was uncolored by the remotest probability. It was truly and simply the suggestion of my vagrant fancy, which had mysteriously settled itself into

a conviction; and having thus capriciously identified the stranger with Lieschen's murderer, I now, upon evidence quite as preposterous, identified Bourgonef with the stranger.

The folly became apparent even to myself. If Bourgonef had in his possession a rouge-pot and false beard, I could not but acknowledge that he had made no attempt to conceal them, nor had he manifested any confusion on their appearance. He had quietly characterized them as masquerading follies. Moreover, I now began to remember distinctly that the stranger did carry a walking-stick in his right hand; and as Bourgonef had lost his right arm, that settled the point.

Into such complications would the tricks of imagination lead me! I blushed mentally, and resolved to let it serve as a lesson in future. It is needless, however, to say that the lesson was lost, as such lessons always are lost; a strong tendency in any direction soon disregards all the teachings of experience. I am still not the less the victim of my constructive imagination, because I have frequently had to be ashamed of its vagaries.

The next morning I awoke with a lighter breast, rejoicing in the caution which had delayed me from any rash manifestation of suspicions now seen to be absurd. I smiled as the thought arose: what if this suspected stranger should also be pestered by an active imagination, and should entertain similar suspicions of me? He must have seen in my eyes the look of recognition which I saw in his. On hearing of the murder, our meeting may also have recurred to him; and his suspicions would have this color, wanting to mine, that I happen to inherit with my Italian blood a somewhat truculent appearance, which has gained for me among friends the playful *sobriquet* of "the brigand."

Anxious to atone at once for my folly, and to remove from his mind any misgiving — if it existed — at my quitting him so soon after the disclosures of the masquerading details, I went to Bourgonef as soon as I was dressed, and proposed a ramble till the diligence started for Munich. He was sympathetic in his inquiries about my colic, which I assured him had quite passed away, and out we went. The sharp morning air of March made us walk briskly, and gave a pleasant animation to our thoughts. As he discussed the acts of the provisional government, so wise, temperate, and energetic, the fervor and generosity of his sentiments stood out in such striking contrast with the deed I had

last night recklessly imputed to him, that I felt deeply ashamed, and was nearly carried away by mingled admiration and self-reproach to confess the absurd vagrancy of my thoughts, and humbly ask his pardon. But you can understand the reluctance at a confession so insulting to him, so degrading to me. It is at all times difficult to tell a man, face to face, eye to eye, the evil you have thought of him, unless the recklessness of anger seizes on it as a weapon with which to strike; and I had now so completely unsaid to myself all that I once had thought of evil, that to put it in words seemed a gratuitous injury to me and insult to him.

A day or two after our arrival in Munich a reaction began steadily to set in. Ashamed as I was of my suspicions, I could not altogether banish from my mind the incident which had awakened them. The image of that false beard would mingle with my thoughts. I was vaguely uncomfortable at the idea of Bourgonef's carrying about with him obvious materials of disguise. In itself this would have had little significance; but coupled with the fact that his devoted servant was—in spite of all of Bourgonef's eulogies—repulsively ferocious in aspect, capable, as I could not help believing, of any brutality, the suggestion was unpleasant. You will understand that having emphatically acquitted Bourgonef in my mind, I did not again distinctly charge him with any complicity in the mysterious murder; on the contrary, I should indignantly have repelled such a thought: but the uneasy sense of some mystery about him, coupled with the accessories of disguise, and the aspect of his servant, gave rise to dim, shadowy forebodings which ever and anon passed across my mind.

Did it ever occur to you, reader, to reflect on the depths of deceit which lie still and dark even in the honestest minds? Society reposes on a thin crust of convention, underneath which lie fathomless possibilities of crime, and consequently suspicions of crime. Friendship, however close and dear, is not free from its reserves, unspoken beliefs, more or less suppressed opinions. The man whom you would indignantly defend against any accusation brought by another, so confident are you in his unshakable integrity, you may yourself momentarily suspect of crimes far exceeding those which you repudiate. Indeed, I have known sagacious men hold that perfect frankness in expressing the thoughts is a sure sign of imperfect friendship; something is always

suppressed; and it is not he who loves you that "tells you candidly what he thinks" of your person, your pretensions, your children, or your poems. Perfect candor is dictated by envy, or some other unfriendly feeling, making friendship a stalking-horse, under cover of which it shoots the arrows which will rankle. Friendship is candid only when the candor is urgent—meant to avert impending danger or to rectify an error. The candor which is an impertinence never springs from friendship. Love is sympathetic.

I do not of course mean to intimate that my feeling for Bourgonef was of that deep kind which justifies the name of friendship. I only want to say that in our social relations we are constantly hiding from each other, under the smiles and courtesies of friendly interest, thoughts which, if expressed, would destroy all possible communion—and that, nevertheless, we are not insincere in our smiles and courtesies; and therefore there is nothing paradoxical in my having felt great admiration for Bourgonef, and great pleasure in his society, while all the time there was deep down in the recesses of my thoughts an uneasy sense of a dark mystery which possibly connected him with a dreadful crime.

This feeling was roused into greater activity by an incident which now occurred. One morning I went to Bourgonef's room, which was at some distance from mine on the same floor, intending to propose a visit to the sculpture at the Glyptothek. To my surprise I found Ivan the serf standing before the closed door. He looked at me like a mastiff about to spring; and intimated by significant gestures that I was not allowed to enter the room. Concluding that his master was occupied in some way, and desired not to be disturbed, I merely signified by a nod that my visit was of no consequence, and went out. On returning about an hour afterwards I saw Ivan putting three pink letters into the letter-box of the hotel. I attached no significance to this very ordinary fact at the time, but went up to my room and began writing my letters, one of which was to my lawyer, sending him an important receipt. The dinner-bell sounded before I had half finished this letter; but I wrote on, determined to have done with it at once, in case the afternoon should offer any expedition with Bourgonef.

At dinner he quietly intimated that Ivan had informed him of my visit, and apologized for not having been able to see me.

I, of course, assured him that no apology was necessary, and that we had plenty of time to visit the sculpture together without intruding on his private hours. He informed me that he was that afternoon going to pay a visit to Schwanthaler the sculptor, and if I desired it, he would ask permission on another occasion to take me with him. I jumped at the proposal, as may be supposed.

Dinner over, I strolled into the Englische Garten, and had my coffee and cigar there. On my return, I was vexed to find that in the hurry of finishing my letters I had sealed the one to my lawyer, and had not enclosed the receipt which had been the object of writing. Fortunately it was not too late. Descending to the bureau of the hotel, I explained my mistake to the head waiter, who unlocked the letter-box to search for my letter. It was found at once, for there were only seven or eight in the box. Among these my eye naturally caught the three pink letters which I had that morning seen Ivan drop into the box; but although they were *seen* by me they were not *noticed* at the time, my mind being solely occupied with rectifying the stupid blunder I had made.

Once more in my own room a sudden revelation startled me. Every one knows what it is to have details come under the eye which the mind first interprets long after the eye ceases to rest upon them. The impressions are received passively: but they are registered, and can be calmly read whenever the mind is in activity. It was so now. I suddenly, as if now for the first time, saw that the addresses on Bourgonef's letters were written in a fluent, masterly hand, bold in character, and with a certain sweep which might have come from a painter. The thrill which this vision gave me will be intelligible when you remember that Bourgonef had lost or pretended to have lost his right arm, and was, as I before intimated, far from dexterous with his left. That no man recently thrown upon the use of a left hand could have written those addresses was too evident. What, then, was the alternative? The empty sleeve was an imposture! At once the old horrible suspicion returned, and this time with tenfold violence and with damnable confirmation.

Pressing my temples between my hands, I tried to be calm and to survey the evidence without precipitation; but for some time the conflict of thoughts was too violent. Whatever might be the explanation,

clear it was that Bourgonef, for some purposes, was practising a deception, and had, as I knew, other means of disguising his appearance. This, on the most favorable interpretation, branded him with suspicion. This excluded him from the circle of honest men.

But did it connect him with the murder of Lieschen Lehfeldt? In my thought it did so indubitably; but I was aware of the difficulty of making this clear to any one else.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST LOVE.

If the reader feels that my suspicions were not wholly unwarranted, were indeed inevitable, he will not laugh at me on learning that once more these suspicions were set aside, and the fact — the damnable fact, as I regarded it — discovered by me so accidentally, and, I thought, providentially, was robbed of all its significance by Bourgonef himself casually and carelessly avowing it in conversation, just as one may avow a secret infirmity, with some bitterness, but without any implication of deceit in its concealment.

I was the more prepared for this revelation of feeling, by the difficulty I felt in maintaining my suspicions in the presence of one so gentle and so refined. He had come into my room that evening to tell me of his visit to Schwanthaler, and of the sculptor's flattering desire to make my personal acquaintance. He spoke of Schwanthaler, and of his earnest efforts in art, with so much enthusiasm, and was altogether so charming, that I felt abashed before him, incapable of ridding myself of the dreadful suspicions, yet incapable of firmly believing him to be what I thought. But more than this, there came the new interest awakened in me by his story; and when, in the course of this story, he incidentally disclosed the fact that he had not lost his arm, all my suspicions vanished at once.

We had got, as usual, upon politics, and were differing more than usual, because he gave greater prominence to his sympathy with the Red Republicans. He accused me of not being "thorough-going," which I admitted. This he attributed to the fact of my giving a divided heart to politics — a condition natural enough at my age and with my hopes. "Well," said I, laughing, "you don't mean to take a lofty stand upon your few years' seniority. If my age renders it natural, does yours profoundly alter such a conviction?"

"My age! no. But you have the hopes of youth. I have none. I am banished forever from the joys and sorrows of domestic life; and therefore, to live at all, must concentrate my soul on great abstractions and public affairs."

"But why banished unless self-banished?"

"Woman's love is impossible. You look incredulous. I do not allude to this," he said, taking up the empty sleeve, and by so doing sending a shiver through me.

"The loss of your arm," I said—and my voice trembled slightly, for I felt that a crisis was at hand—"although a misfortune to you, would really be an advantage in gaining a woman's affections. Women are so romantic, and their imaginations are so easily touched!"

"Yes," he replied bitterly; "but I have not lost my arm."

I started. He spoke bitterly, yet calmly. I awaited his explanation in great suspense.

"To have lost my arm in battle, or even by an accident, would perhaps have lent me a charm in woman's eyes. But, as I said, my arm hangs by my side—withered, unrepresentable."

I breathed again. He continued in the same tone, and without noticing my looks.

"But it is not this which banishes me. Woman's love might be hoped for, had I far worse infirmities. The cause lies deeper. It lies in my history. A wall of granite has grown up between me and the sex."

"But, my dear fellow, do you—wounded, as I presume to guess, by some unworthy woman—extend the fault of to the whole sex? Do you despair of finding another true, because a first was false?"

"They are all false," he exclaimed, with energy. "Not, perhaps, all false from inherent viciousness, though many are that, but false because their inherent weakness renders them incapable of truth. Oh! I know the catalogue of their good qualities. They are often pitiful, self-devoting, generous; but they are so by fits and starts, just as they are cruel, remorseless, exacting, by fits and starts. They have no constancy,—they are too weak to be constant even in evil; their minds are all impressions; their actions are all the issue of immediate promptings. Swayed by the fleeting impulses of the hour, they have only one persistent, calculable motive on which reliance can always be placed—that motive is vanity; you are always sure of them there. It is

from vanity they are good—from vanity they are evil; their devotion and their desertion equally vanity. I know them. To me they have disclosed the shallows of their natures. God! how I have suffered from them!"

A deep, low exclamation, half sob, half curse, closed this tirade. He remained silent for a few minutes, looking on the floor; then, suddenly turning his eyes upon me, said,—

"Were you ever in Heidelberg?"

"Never."

"I thought all your countrymen went there? Then you will never have heard anything of my story. Shall I tell you how my youth was blighted? Will you care to listen?"

"It would interest me much."

"I had reached the age of seven-and-twenty," he began, "without having once known even the vague stirrings of the passion of love. I admired many women, and courted the admiration of them all; but I was as yet not only heart-whole, but, to use your Shakespeare's phrase, Cupid had not tapped me on the shoulder."

"This detail is not unimportant in my story. You may possibly have observed that in those passionate natures which reserve their force, and do not fritter away their feelings in scattered flirtations or trivial love-affairs, there is a velocity and momentum, when the movement of passion is once excited, greatly transcending all that is ever felt by expansive and expressive natures. Slow to be moved, when they do move it is with the whole mass of the heart. So it was with me. I purchased my immunity from earlier entanglements by the price of my whole life. I am not what I was. Between my past and present self there is a gulf; that gulf is dark, stormy, and profound. On the far side stands a youth of hope, energy, ambition, and unclouded happiness, with great capacities for loving; on this side a blighted manhood with no prospects but suffering and storm."

He paused. With an effort he seemed to master the suggestions which crowded upon his memory, and continued his narrative in an equable tone.

"I had been for several weeks at Heidelberg. One of my intimate companions was Kestner the architect, and he one day proposed to introduce me to his sister-in-law Otilie, of whom he had repeatedly spoken to me in terms of great affection and esteem.

"We went, and we were most cordially received. Otilie justified Kestner's

praises. Pretty, but not strikingly so — clever, but not obtrusively so; her soft, dark eyes were frank and winning; her manner was gentle and retiring, with that dash of sentimentalism which seems native to all German girls, but without any of the ridiculous extravagance too often seen in them. I liked her all the more because I was perfectly at my ease with her, and this was rarely the case in my relations to young women.

"You leap at once to the conclusion that we fell in love. Your conclusion is precipitate. Seeing her continually, I grew to admire and respect her; but the significant smiles, winks, and hints of friends, pointing unmistakably at a supposed understanding existing between us, only made me more seriously examine the state of my feelings, and assured me that I was not in love. It is true that I felt a serene pleasure in her society, and that when away from her she occupied much of my thoughts. It is true that I often thought of her as a wife; and in these meditations she appeared as one eminently calculated to make a happy home. But it is no less true that during a temporary absence of hers of a few weeks I felt no sort of uneasiness, no yearning for her presence, no vacancy in my life. I knew, therefore, that it was not love which I felt.

"So much for my feelings. What of hers? They seemed very like my own. That she admired me, and was pleased to be with me, was certain. That she had a particle of fiery love for me I did not, could not believe. And it was probably this very sense of her calmness which kept my feelings quiet. For love is a flame which often can be kindled only by contact with flame. Certainly this is so in proud, reserved natures, which are chilled by any contact with temperature not higher than their own.

"On her return, however, from that absence I have mentioned, I was not a little fluttered by an obvious change in her manner; an impression which subsequent meetings only served to confirm. Although still very quiet, her manner had become more tender, and it had that delicious shyness which is the most exquisite of flatteries, as it is one of the most enchanting of graces. I saw her tremble slightly beneath my voice, and blush beneath my gaze.

"There was no mistaking these signs. It was clear that she loved me; and it was no less clear that I, taking fire at this discovery, was myself rapidly falling in

love. I will not keep you from my story by idle reflections. Take another cigar." He rose and paced up and down the room in silence.

CHAPTER VII.

AGALMA.

"At this juncture there arrived from Paris the woman to whom the great sorrow of my life is due. A fatalist might read in her appearance at this particular moment the signs of a prearranged doom. A few weeks later, and her arrival would have been harmless; I should have been shielded from all external influence by the absorbing force of love. But, alas! this was not to be. My fate had taken another direction. The woman had arrived whose shadow was to darken the rest of my existence. That woman was Agalma Liebenstein.

"How is it that the head which we can only see surrounded with a halo, or a shadow, when the splendors of achievement or the infamy of shame instruct our eyes, is by the uninstructed eye observed as wholly vulgar? We all profess to be physiognomists; how is it we are so lamentably mistaken in our judgments? Here was a woman in whom my ignorant eyes saw nothing at all remarkable except golden hair of unusual beauty. When I say golden, I am not speaking loosely. I do not mean red or flaxen hair, but hair actually resembling burnished gold more than anything else. Its ripples on her brow caught the light like a coronet. This was her one beauty, and it was superb. For the rest, her features were characterless. Her figure was tall and full; not graceful, but sweepingly imposing. At first I noticed nothing about her except the braided splendor of her glorious hair."

He rose, and went into his bedroom, from which he returned with a small trinket-box in his hand. This he laid open on the table, disclosing a long strand of exquisite fair hair lying on a cushion of dark-blue velvet.

"Look at that," he said. "Might it not have been cut from an angel's head?"

"It is certainly wonderful."

"It must have been hair like this which crowned the infamous head of Lucrezia Borgia," he said bitterly. "She, too, had golden hair; but hers must have been of paler tint, like her nature."

He resumed his seat, and, fixing his eyes upon the lock, continued: —

"She was one of Otilie's friends — dear

friends, they called each other, — which meant that they kissed each other profusely, and told each other all their secrets, or as much as the lying nature of the sex permitted and suggested. It is, of course, impossible for me to disentangle my present knowledge from my past impressions so as to give you a clear description of what I then thought of Agalma. Enough that, as a matter of fact, I distinctly remember not to have admired her, and to have told Otilie so; and when Otilie, in surprise at my insensibility, assured me that men were in general wonderfully charmed with her (though, for her part, she had never understood why), I answered, and answered sincerely, that it might be true with the less refined order of men, but that men of taste would certainly be rather repelled from her.

"This opinion of mine, or some report of it, reached Agalma.

"It may have been the proximate cause of my sorrows. Without this stimulus to her vanity, she might have left me undisturbed. I don't know. All I know is, that over many men Agalma exercised great influence, and that over me she exercised in a short time the spell of fascination. No other word will explain her influence; for it was not based on excellences such as the mind could recognize to be attractions; it was based on a mysterious personal power, something awful in its mysteriousness, as all demoniac powers are. One source of her influence over men I think I can explain: she at once captivated and repelled them. By artful appeals to their vanity, she made them interested in her and in her opinion of them, and yet kept herself inaccessible by a pride which was the more fascinating because it always seemed about to give way. Her instinct fastened upon the weak point in those she approached. This made her seductive to men, because she flattered their weak points; and hateful to women, because she flouted and disclosed their weak points.

"Her influence over me began in the following way. One day, at a picnic, having been led by her into a conversation respecting the relative inferiority of the feminine intellect, I was forced to speak rather more earnestly than usual, when suddenly in a lower voice she said, —

"I am willing to credit anything you say; only pray don't continue talking to me so earnestly."

"Why not?" I asked, surprised.

"She looked at me with peculiar significance, but remained silent.

"May I ask why not?" I said.

"Because if you do, somebody may be jealous." There was a laughing defiance in her eye as she spoke.

"And pray, who has a right to be jealous of me?"

"Oh! you know well enough."

"It was true; I did know: and she knew that I knew it. To my shame be it said that I was weak enough to yield to an equivocation which I now see to have been disloyal, but which I then pretended to have been no more than delicacy to Otilie. As, in point of fact, there had never been a word passed between us respecting our mutual feelings, I considered myself bound in honor to assume that there was nothing tacitly acknowledged.

"Piqued by her tone and look, I disavowed the existence of any claims upon my attention; and to prove the sincerity of my words, I persisted in addressing my attentions to her. Once or twice I fancied I caught flying glances, in which some of the company criticised my conduct, and Otilie also seemed to me unusually quiet. But her manner, though quiet, was untroubled and unchanged. I talked less to her than usual, partly because I talked so much to Agalma, and partly because I felt that Agalma's eyes were on us. But no shadow of temper or reserve darkened our interchange of speech.

"On our way back, I know not what devil prompted me to ask Agalma whether she had really been in earnest in her former allusion to 'somebody.'

"Yes," she said, 'I was in earnest then.'

"And now?"

"Now I have doubts. I may have been misinformed. It's no concern of mine, any way; but I had been given to understand. However, I admit that my own eyes have not confirmed what my ears heard."

"This speech was irritating on two separate grounds. It implied that people were talking freely of my attachment, which, until I had formally acknowledged it, I resented as an impertinence; and it implied that, from personal observation, Agalma doubted Otilie's feelings for me. This alarmed my quick-retreating pride! I, too, began to doubt. Once let loose on that field, imagination soon saw shapes enough to confirm any doubt. Otilie's manner certainly had seemed less tender — nay, somewhat indifferent — during the last few days. Had the arrival of that

heavy lout, her cousin, anything to do with this change?

"Not to weary you by recalling all the unfolding stages of this miserable story with the minuteness of detail which my own memory morbidly lingers on, I will hurry to the catastrophe. I grew more and more doubtful of the existence in Otilie's mind of any feeling stronger than friendship for me; and as this doubt strengthened, there arose the flattering suspicion that I was becoming an object of greater interest to Agalma, who had quite changed her tone towards me, and had become serious in her speech and manner. Weeks passed. Otilie had fallen from her pedestal, and had taken her place among agreeable acquaintances. One day I suddenly learned that Otilie was engaged to her cousin.

"You will not wonder that Agalma, who before this had exercised great fascination over me, now doubly became an object of the most tender interest. I fell madly in love. Hitherto I had never known that passion. My feeling for Otilie I saw was but the inarticulate stammerings of the mighty voice which now sounded through the depths of my nature. The phrase, *madly in love*, is no exaggeration; madness alone knows such a fever of the brain, such a tumult of the heart. It was not that reason was overpowered; on the contrary, reason was intensely active, but active with that logic of flames which lights up the vision of maniacs.

"Although, of course, my passion was but too evident to every one, I dreaded its premature avowal, lest I should lose her; and almost equally dreaded delay, lest I should suffer from that also. At length the avowal was extorted from me by jealousy of a brilliant Pole — Korinski — who had recently appeared in our circle, and was obviously casting me in the shade by his superior advantages of novelty, of personal attraction, and of a romantic history. She accepted me; and now, for a time, I was the happiest of mortals. The fever of the last few weeks was abating; it gave place to a deep tide of hopeful joy. Could I have died then! Could I even have died shortly afterwards, when I knew the delicious misery of a jealousy not too absorbing! For you must know that my happiness was brief. Jealousy, to which all passion of a deep and exacting power is inevitably allied, soon began to disturb my content. Agalma had no tenderness. She permitted caresses, never returned them. She was

ready enough to listen to all my plans for the future, so long as the recital moved amid details of fortune and her position in society — that is, so long as her vanity was interested; but I began to observe with pain that her thoughts never rested on tender domesticities and poetic anticipations. This vexed me more and more. The very spell which she exercised over me made her want of tenderness more intolerable. I yearned for her love — for some sympathy with the vehement passion which was burning within me; and she was as marble.

"You will not be surprised to hear that I reproached her bitterly with her indifference. That is the invariable and fatal folly of lovers — they seem to imagine that a heart can be scolded into tenderness! To my reproaches she at first answered impatiently that they were unjust; that it was not her fault if her nature was less expansive than mine; and that it was insulting to be told she was indifferent to the man whom she had consented to marry. Later she answered my reproaches with haughty defiance, one day intimating that if I really thought what I said, and repented our engagement, it would be most prudent for us to separate ere it was too late. This quieted me for a while. But it brought no balm to my wounds.

"And now fresh tortures were added. Korinski became quite marked in his attentions to Agalma. These she received with evident delight; so much so, that I saw by the glances of others that they were scandalized at it; and this of course increased my pain. My renewed reproaches only made her manner colder to me; to Korinski it became what I would gladly have seen towards myself.

"The stress and agitation of those days were too much for me. I fell ill, and for seven weeks I lay utterly prostrate. On recovering, this note was handed to me. It was from Agalma."

Bourgonef here held out to me a crumpled letter, and motioned that I should open it and read. It ran thus:—

"I have thought much of what you have so often said, that it would be for the happiness of both if our unfortunate engagement were set aside. That you have a real affection for me I believe, and be assured that I once had a real affection for you; not, perhaps, the passionate love which a nature so exacting as yours demands, and which I earnestly hope it may one day find, but a genuine affection nevertheless, which would have made me

proud to share your lot. But it would be uncandid in me to pretend that this now exists. Your incessant jealousy, the angry feelings excited by your reproaches, the fretful irritation in which for some time we have lived together, has completely killed what love I had, and I no longer feel prepared to risk the happiness of both of us by a marriage. What you said the other night convinces me that it is even your desire our engagement should cease. It is certainly mine. Let us try to think kindly of each other and meet again as friends.

"AGALMA LIEBENSTEIN."

When I had read this and returned it to him, he said: "You see that this was written on the day I was taken ill. Whether she knew that I was then helpless I know not. At any rate, she never sent to inquire after me. She went off to Paris; Korinski followed her; and—as I quickly learned on going once more into society—they were married! Did you ever, in the whole course of your experience, hear of such heartless conduct?"

Bourgonef asked this with a ferocity which quite startled me. I did not answer him; for, in truth, I could not see that Agalma had been very much to blame, even as he told the story, and felt sure that could I have heard her version it would have worn a very different aspect. That she was cold and disappointed him, might be true enough, but there was no crime; and I perfectly understood how thoroughly odious he must have made himself to her by his exactions and reproaches. I understood this, perhaps, all the better, because in the course of his narrative Bourgonef had revealed to me aspects of his nature which were somewhat repulsive. Especially I was struck with his morbid vanity, and his readiness to impute low motives to others. This unpleasant view of his character—a character in many respects so admirable for its generosity and refinement—was deepened as he went on, instead of awaiting my reply to his question.

"For a wrong so measureless, you will naturally ask what measureless revenge I sought."

The idea had not occurred to me; indeed I could see no wrong, and this notion of revenge was somewhat startling in such a case.

"I debated it long," he continued. "I felt that since I was prevented from arresting any of the evil to myself, I could at least mature my plans for an adequate

discharge of just retribution on her. It reveals the impotence resulting from the trammels of modern civilization, that while the possibilities of wrong are infinite, the openings for vengeance are few and contemptible. Only when a man is thrown upon the necessities of this 'wild justice' does he discover how difficult vengeance really is. Had Agalma been my wife, I could have wreaked my wrath upon her, with assurance that some of the torture she inflicted on me was to fall on her. Not having this power what was I to do? Kill her? That would have afforded one moment of exquisite satisfaction—but to her it would have been simply death—and I wanted to kill the heart."

He seemed working with an insane passion; so that I regarded him with disgust mingled with some doubts as to what horrors he was about to relate.

"My plan was chosen. The only way to reach her heart was to strike her through her husband. For several hours daily I practised with the pistol until—in spite of only having a left hand—I acquired fatal skill. But this was not enough. Firing at a mark is simple work. Firing at a man—especially one holding a pistol pointed at you—is altogether different. I had too often heard of 'crack shots' missing their men, to rely confidently on my skill in the shooting-gallery. It was necessary that my eye and hand should be educated to familiarity with the real object. Part of the cause why duellists miss their man is from the trepidation of fear. I was without fear. At no moment of my life have I been afraid; and the chance of being shot by Korinski I counted as nothing. The other cause is unfamiliarity with the mark. This I secured myself against by getting a lay figure of Korinski's height, dressing it to resemble him, placing a pistol in its hand, and then practising at this mark in the woods. After a short time I could send a bullet through the thorax without taking more than a hasty glance at the figure.

"Thus prepared, I started for Paris. But you will feel for me when you learn that my hungry heart was baffled of its vengeance, and baffled forever. Agalma had been suddenly carried off by scarlet fever. Korinski had left Paris, and I felt no strong promptings to follow him, and wreak on him a futile vengeance. It was on *her* my wrath had been concentrated, and I gnashed my teeth at the thought that she had escaped me.

"My story is ended. The months of

gloomy depression which succeeded, now that I was no longer sustained by the hope of vengeance, I need not speak of. My existence was desolate; and even now the desolation continues over the whole region of the emotions. I carry a dead heart within me."

From *The Gentleman's Magazine*.
THE BLOODY ASSIZES.

THE standard of revolt had been raised, had fluttered for a brief while in the breeze, and then, beaten down by the strong arm of possession, had ingloriously fallen. Stimulated by the discontent, which the acts of James the Second in favor of his Roman Catholic subjects had excited throughout the country, the once indulged but now exiled bastard of the late king had crossed over from Amsterdam, and taken up arms in defence of oppressed Protestantism and in support of his own cause. Never was there a man less fitted to play the part of a leader of insurrection than the Duke of Monmouth. Save his handsome face and graceful bearing there was little in his talents or his conduct to win the hearts of men and command the devotion of a following. He was weak, wanting in capacity, easily led and consequently vacillating and impulsive, whilst the once virile character of the man had been so softened by the dominion which luxury and voluptuousness had obtained over him as to render him, if not timid, at least averse to dangerous enterprises. It was only after much prayer and pressing that he had consented to quit his exile, and make a fight for what, he was assured, would prove an easy conquest. He was then in Holland, living the quiet life of a man forced by his sovereign's displeasure to fly his country, but who, solaced by all the charms and devotion of woman's love, had become reconciled to expatriation. Here he, shortly after the accession of James the Second, had gradually developed into the leadership of a little band of plotters and fugitives, which was bent upon expelling the hated Stuart from the English throne, and at one blow stamping out his oppressive policy. After much deliberation a plan of action was drawn up; a list of adherents was framed; arms and ammunition were obtained; and at last in the grey of the early morn of June 11, 1685, a little fleet of Dutch-built ships was seen standing off the rocky coast

which fringes the port of Lyme in Dorsetshire. Boats were lowered from the distant shipping filled with armed men and rowed towards the harbor. In a couple of hours it was known throughout the town that the Duke of Monmouth had landed with a large following from over the seas, and was come to claim his own and put an end to the despotism of the past.

The beginning of the expedition augured well. Lyme was enthusiastic in its devotion to the duke; other towns in the west followed its example; the public feeling, especially in Somersetshire, was soon aroused and hotly pronounced in favor of him, whom malice decried as a bastard, but who, so vowed his adherents, was the lawful heir to the throne and the defender of no miserable superstition, but of sound and pure Protestantism. "A Monmouth! A Monmouth!" "Down with James the Papist!" "Down with the usurper!" were the cries that rent the air during the next few days that followed upon this invasion. Nor did the declaration which the duke issued upon his landing tend to diminish this enthusiasm or moderate the invectives of his supporters. He branded James, Duke of York, as "a murderer and an assassin of innocent men, a traitor to the nation, and a tyrant over the people;" he alleged that the whole course of his life had been "but one continued conspiracy against the Reformed religion and the rights of the nation." He had, he said, trampled upon the laws and liberties of the country, by the introduction of Jesuits, by promoting infamous men to be judges in the land, and by the granting of new illegal charters. If Englishmen, cried Monmouth, did not wish to see the Protestant interest betrayed and their country handed over to France and Rome, they were bound as men and Christians to betake themselves to arms, and redress the grievances which could not be removed after any other fashion. "It is not," declared he, "for any personal injuries or private discontents, nor in pursuance of any corrupt interest, that we take our swords in our hands; but for vindicating our religion, laws, and rights, and rescuing our country from ruin and destruction, and for the preserving ourselves, wives, and children from bondage and idolatry. Wherefore, before God, angels, and men, we stand acquitted from, and do charge upon our enemies, all the slaughter and devastations that unavoidably accompany intestine war." Then he

set before the country the programme he was desirous of seeing carried out. Parliament was to be held annually; the militia was to be the only standing force in the kingdom; all towns which had their charters confiscated should have them re-granted; the fullest toleration was to be accorded to all Protestant sects. The declaration concluded with an assertion as to the legitimacy of the Duke of Monmouth; he was, it said, the son of Charles the Second, born in lawful wedlock; to him, therefore, the throne of England rightfully belonged, yet he did not appear as its claimant. Whether he was to be king of England or not, he was, said the duke, content to leave to the wishes of a free Parliament; for the present he fought only to re-establish the Protestant religion, and the overthrown constitution of the country.

When rebellion is successful it is patriotism; it is only when insurrection fails that it is dubbed treason. During the first few weeks it seemed as if the movements of Monmouth were to prosper and his claims to be allowed. Though the recruiting was chiefly confined to the laboring classes, partisans came in by hundreds to enrol themselves under his standard, and soon his following assumed a somewhat formidable force. So confident was he in his resources that he resolved to march upon Taunton and there further swell his ranks. His reception was all that could be desired. The whole town went over as it were bodily to his side; he had himself formally proclaimed king, and for the second time issued proclamations denouncing James as a usurper, and the Parliament then sitting at Westminster as an illegal assembly. Yet such anathemas did little hurt to the cause he opposed. The House of Commons had offered a reward of five thousand pounds for his apprehension; royal troops were rapidly marching west to oppose his progress, whilst new taxes were freely suggested and as freely raised to enable the king to uphold his own. Then the collision ensued and the result could have but one issue. Arrayed against the ill-disciplined forces of Monmouth, composed of tradesmen, yeomen, and ploughmen, commanded by a few country gentlemen who had never borne arms and a sprinkling of officers who had seen some service abroad, were the Blues commanded by Churchill, afterwards the great Marlborough, and a large body of infantry and cavalry under Faversham. The rebels soon saw themselves nonplussed. They

wandered aimlessly about the country for some days, not knowing what course to pursue, until they found themselves brought up face to face with the foe on the swampy common of Sedgemoor, a few miles from Bridgewater. Under cover of the night Monmouth marched his men to attack the royal troops; a brief conflict ensued; then the duke finding the enemy too strong for him put spurs to his horse and rode off the field for dear life. Shortly after his flight the rebel forces were completely crushed, and the revolt which was to have placed a new sovereign on the throne and restored to the country the Protestantism of the past, was at an end. The next day, at the break of dawn, Monmouth was discovered by his pursuers famished and hiding in a ditch in the New Forest. Under a strong guard he was taken first to Ringwood, and then by easy stages through Farnham, Guildford, and Rochester to London.

And now it would seem as if the captive had but one course to adopt. He had put himself at the head of a dangerous revolt; his plot had led to much suffering and loss of life; he had openly defied the might and right of his king; and for him at least it was idle, even if it were not ignoble, to sue for mercy. It was his duty, therefore, to show his followers that he was a leader they might proudly have obeyed, and no recreant in his own cause. If men had perished to attain his ends, he, the head and front of all the evil, should certainly have met death without blanching. But the character of Monmouth was cast in no stern mould. In him, when opportunity called for decision one way or another, the baser part of human nature swayed the supremacy. He was essentially a fair-weather adventurer; no one played his part better than he when receiving the fealty of adherents, when smiling upon maidens who did him reverence, who posed as king to those who admitted his claims, who on any occasion of pageant was the perfect gentleman and the knight accomplished in all those arts that win the admiration of the crowd. But it was otherwise when, isolated from his followers, he found himself a captive within the four walls of a dungeon, with the almost certain prospect of the block and the executioner's axe before him; then it was that his manhood deserted him, and the soft pleasures of the life he loved too well stood out so attractively against the background of the terrible future that any effort, however grovelling, was worth being made to re-

tain the power of enjoying them. He wrote a piteous letter to the king, begging for mercy and putting upon others all blame for his vast enterprise. He had it never in his thoughts, he said, to have taken up arms against his Majesty, but it was his misfortune "to meet with some horrid people that made me believe things of your Majesty, and gave me so many false arguments that I was fully led away to believe that it was a shame and a sin before God not to it." He craved an interview. "I am sure, sir, when you hear me you will be convinced of the zeal I have for your preservation, and how heartily I repent of what I have done." He would rather die a thousand deaths, he continued, than excuse anything of which he was guilty, if he did not really think himself the most in the wrong that ever man was, and had not from the bottom of his heart an abhorrence for those that put him upon it and for the action itself. Then having exculpated himself at the expense of his victims, he thus ended the craven note: "I hope, sir, God Almighty will strike your heart with mercy and compassion for me as he has done mine with the abhorrence of what I have done. Thereupon I hope, sir, I may live to show you how zealous I shall ever be for your service, and could I say but one word in this letter you would be convinced of it; but it is of that consequence that I dare not do it. Therefore, sir, I do beg of you once more to let me speak to you, for then you will be convinced how much I shall ever be your Majesty's most humble and dutiful Monmouth."

But the captive knew not the monarch to whom he appealed. The cruel, effeminate James was not the man to forget that he who now acknowledged his authority and sued for pardon was the very same who, but a few short weeks ago, had denounced his sovereign as an assassin and usurper. Yet, with a refinement of vindictiveness such as even the most absolute despotism has seldom exhibited, he was resolved to grant his petitioner an interview, and yet to suffer him to pay the last penalty of the law. He would see Monmouth and then send him to the block. Such an act was unexampled, for hitherto to allow a prisoner to come into the presence of his sovereign had been regarded as a preliminary to pardon. When it was told the Duke of Ormond that Colonel Blood, who had attempted to steal the jewels from the Tower, had been seized, and the king had wished to see him, "Then," said Ormond, "the man

need not despair, for surely no monarch should wish to see a malefactor but with intentions to pardon him." Such an exception was now to take place. Monmouth was brought bound into the presence of the king; he dragged himself along the ground, bemoaning his lot, and pleading for mercy; true to his policy of implicating others to save his own head, he went on to say that the secret which he wished to disclose was that Sunderland, the favorite minister of the crown, was not to be depended upon, for he had, at the beginning of the revolt, agreed to join the insurgents in the west. The king coldly looked upon his victim, and then having feasted his eyes sufficiently upon the abject spectacle, sent Monmouth back to his dungeon with the last flicker of hope extinct.

The end now certain, the manhood of the prisoner was restored him, and Monmouth prepared to meet his doom with the courage expected from one who had dared attack a throne. His cell was cheered by the frequent presence of the divines appointed to console his last hours. He read the Bible with them, and he listened attentively to their exhortations; but all their eloquence and Scriptural arguments were powerless to convince him that the desertion of his lawful wife for the charms of the beautiful Henrietta Wentworth, with whom he had lived during the last few years, was an act of which he should repent. On the contrary, he justified his past conduct, and declined to admit that it had been sinful. In the eyes of the law, he said, the Duchess of Monmouth was of course his wife, but in the eyes of heaven the Lady Henrietta was his true wife. He had been very young when he had been united to the duchess, and he had not considered "what he did when he married her." He had led an evil life in his youth, and it was through the influence of Lady Henrietta that he had been induced to abandon dissipation, and afterwards she had been all in all to him. It was no secret that his affection for her was deep, and he had prayed that if it were pleasing to God such love might continue, or otherwise it might cease. That prayer, he said, had been heard, for the affection of one for the other had never ceased, and therefore he doubted not but it was pleasing to God; it was indeed a marriage, he urged, "not influenced by passion but guided by judgment upon due consideration." Such sophistry the divines refused to accept; they entreated him to repent and to admit his sin. Mon-

mouth could only repeat what he had already said, and therefore asked in vain that the sacrament might be administered to him. Upon the scaffold he was of the same mind. All the arguments of the divines, and they were remorseless in their arguments, failed to convince Monmouth that he had done wrong in deserting his duchess for his mistress. He died, he said, a Protestant and a member of the Church of England; he was very penitent for the treason he had committed; he had many sins to repent of, but as to the Lady Henrietta she was "a very virtuous and godly woman," and he looked upon her as his true wife, and would say nothing to the contrary. "Then God Almighty, of his infinite mercy, forgive you," said the divines. "God Almighty accept your imperfect repentance." Nor was Monmouth less obstinate in another matter. He was asked to address the crowd, and especially to comment upon the iniquity of resistance to an anointed king. "I will make no speeches," he curtly said. "I come to die." He laid his head upon the block, but the executioner was unnerved; he mangled his victim terribly, and it was not until the sixth stroke that the work of his dread office was done. The body was interred in St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower.

If scant mercy had been shown to the leader of the rebellion, the punishment of those he had led was not to be a whit less severe. The prisons of Somersetshire and Dorsetshire were so crowded with the followers of Monmouth that the county authorities were at their wits' ends to find room for the number of captives daily being handed over to justice. The strain upon their faculties was however to be relieved by the most terrible gaol delivery that the history of crime has had to record. Two months after the ill-fated landing at Lyme there set out from London, to preside over that baleful western circuit, one whose name an infamous immortality must preserve so long as the decisions of the bench continue to interest us. It is the fashion to picture Jeffreys as a man whose features were so repellent that instinctively the gaze of all who came in contact with him was averted; yet from the only portrait we possess of this inhuman judge the face in repose was far from being a true index of the man's cruel, relentless disposition. The brow was broad and open, the eyes were blue and well cut, their expression rendered somewhat savage by the straight, thick eyebrows that surmounted them; the nose was aquiline,

its bridge thin and well defined, but the nostrils coarse and wide; the upper lip was short, and its deep curl indicative of scorn and humor; the mouth was the worst feature, large and thick-lipped, with the harsh lines on each side full of temper; the chin was resolute and determined. It was only when inflamed by anger or by the drink now necessary to support his nervous system, that the face which in repose was handsome, became almost hideous from the furies raging behind its mask. As to the nature of the man there never has been any dispute: cruel, vindictive, servile when servility suited his purpose, yet overbearing to inferiors, utterly unprincipled, he enjoys the unenviable reputation of being the basest judge that in any civilized country has ever been called upon to hold the scales of justice. His abilities were of a high order, and he had risen to the position of chief justice by placing his talents entirely at the disposal, now of the Roundhead, then of the Cavalier; now of the Protestant, then of the Papist; yet proving himself on every occasion not only ready to do what he was bidden, but to do it so effectually as left nothing to be desired.

Accompanied by four other judges, he early in September set out upon his western tour. That summer no assizes had been held on the western circuit, but a special commission had been now appointed to try criminals for all the counties upon it, at the head of which was Jeffreys; by a second commission he was also deputed commander-in-chief over all the king's forces within the same limits. The title by which he was known was that of "the Lord General Judge." On entering Hampshire he was met by a strong military guard and escorted to Winchester, at which town he was first to open his commission. Unlike its neighboring county of Somerset, Hampshire had taken no active share in fomenting the revolt; only on the collapse of the luckless enterprise many of Monmouth's adherents, after the battle of Sedgemoor, had fled within its borders to take shelter. Their asylum had, however, been kept so secret that only two fugitives had been apprehended. The first case which therefore came up before Jeffreys for trial was that of giving harbor to the king's enemies. It is a case impossible still to read without ire and indignation.

At her country seat, Moyle Court, within a few miles of Southampton, there lived an aged dame, one Alice Lisle. She had in her day been somewhat of a beauty,

and was a familiar figure in London during the years of the Protectorate. When sickness and infirmity came upon her she quitted town and led a life of almost absolute retirement at her country place, save for the numerous acts of kindness and charity which now made her name beloved throughout Hampshire. Her husband had played an important part in the stormy scenes of the Rebellion. He had sat on that self-elected bench which condemned our first Charles to death, and under the Protectorate he had held office as president of the High Court of Justice. Fearful of the royal vengeance at the time of the Restoration, he fled to Switzerland and took up his abode at Lausanne. His flight, however, failed to save him. He was a marked man, and one morning while on his way to attend service at the neighboring Protestant church, he was shot dead by an unknown Englishman, who had been staying at Vevay resolved upon avenging the judicial murder of his late king by taking the life of the regicide. With a cry of *vive le roi*, the assassin put spurs to his horse and was no more heard of. "Thus died John Lisle," writes his fellow-exile, Ludlow, "son to Sir William Lisle of the Isle of Wight, a member of the Great Parliament, one of the Council of State, commissioner of the great seal, and one of the assistants to the lord president of the High Court of Justice that was erected for the trial of the late king." Whatever might have been the nature of their domestic life, there was little similarity of opinion as to their political views between Alice Lisle and her lord. The wife was, if a Puritan, no harsh bigot, for under her roof had many a proscribed royalist found shelter in the intolerant days of Roundhead rule. She was not hostile to the house of Stuart, and had bitterly lamented the share her husband had taken in the condemnation of "the blessed martyr." When at her trial it was attempted to prejudice her case by fiendishly laying stress upon the fact that she had been married to John Lisle, the regicide, she cried out that she had been in no way consenting to the death of King Charles the First. "My lord! my lord! to say otherwise is as false as God is true! My lord, I was not out of the chamber all the day on which that king was beheaded, and I believe I shed more tears for him than any woman then living did; and this the late Countess of Monmouth, and my Lady Marlborough and my Lord Chancellor Hyde, if they were alive, and twenty persons of the

most eminent quality, could bear witness for me."

Such was to be the first prisoner, tried by God and her country, of this terrible assize. The charge against the woman was the most strained and trumped up that ever caused a court of justice to investigate. Two fugitives, Hicks and Nelthorpe by name, had sought shelter in her house, had begged for rest, meat, and drink, and had their prayer granted. It afterwards transpired that both men had given in their adherence to Monmouth, had fled from Sedgemoor, and were being hunted down by the royalists. Hicks was not unknown to Mrs. Lisle. He was a Nonconformist minister of somewhat violent opinions, and the unhappy dame in offering him hospitality was under the impression that as a conventicle preacher he had been proscribed and was seeking to elude the meshes of the law. "I knew Hicks," she said in her defence, "to be a Nonconformist minister; and there being, as is well known, warrants out to apprehend all Nonconformist ministers, I was willing to give him shelter from these warrants. I beseech your lordship to believe I had no intention to harbor him but as a Nonconformist, and that I knew was no treason." It was in the days of the intolerant Conventicle Act, when it was a parlous offence for a Dissenting divine to gather together a congregation and preach and pray. Of Nelthorpe, Alice Lisle vowed she knew nothing; he was the companion of Hicks, and in that capacity alone found refuge under the roof of Moyle Court.

It was proved in evidence that Alice Lisle was in utter ignorance of the connection of these men with the Duke of Monmouth; it was also proved that she was loyally disposed to the house of Stuart, and that her own son was at that very time holding a commission in the king's army. "I know the king is my sovereign," said she, "and I know my duty to him; and if I would have ventured my life for anything, it should have been to serve him. I know it is his due. But though I could not fight for him myself, my son did; he was actually in arms on the king's side in this business; I instructed him always in loyalty, and sent him thither. It was I that bred him up to fight for the king." Her words fell on deaf ears. The savage and servile judge had opened his commission at Winchester; Alice Lisle, "a gentlewoman of quality," was his first victim; and he was determined to show his king how relentlessly he would punish those who in any way

assailed the stability of his throne. It was indifferent to Jeffreys that the sentence he was about to pronounce was founded neither on law nor justice; he had but one object—provided the judgment pleased his royal master he recked not how basely he interpreted his judicial oath. Every act, therefore, that told in favor of the prisoner he suppressed or distorted, whilst any matter that could prejudice her case he unblushingly advanced. The witnesses that spoke in her favor he intimidated and confused. He adjured them after his own peculiar fashion not to give false evidence. "Do not tell me a lie," he thundered, "for I will be sure to treasure up every lie that thou tellest me, and thou mayst be certain it will not be for thy advantage. I would not terrify thee to make thee say anything but the truth; but assure thyself I never met with a lying, sneaking, canting fellow but I always treasured up vengeance for him; and therefore look to it that thou dost not prevaricate with me, for to be sure thou wilt come to the worst of it in the end." When a witness contradicted himself he was assailed from the bench with such choice abuse as, "Thou art a strange, prevaricating, shuffling, snivelling rascal," or, "Jesus, God! was there ever such a fellow as thou art!" or, "Thou vile wretch, thou art;" or, "A lying Presbyterian knave!" No wonder then that, as an excuse for his contradictions, the bewildered witness trembling before those emburied eyes and that streperous voice murmured, "I am quite cluttered out of my senses: I do not know what to say." Deplorable as was this judicial license, and degrading alike to the bench and the man, Jeffreys was at his very worst when he proceeded to read his victim, witness, or prisoner a moral lecture on the heinousness of bearing false testimony or rising in revolt against the sovereign. On these occasions—and they were very frequent—his piety is more monstrous than his abuse. During the trial of Alice Lisle he was much given to discourses of this nature—discourses which, coming from such a polluted source, were blasphemous in the extreme. Over and over again we hear him preaching of the enormity of sin, groaning over the iniquity of the times in which his lot was cast, discoursing upon the purity and holiness of God, and, like the devil, freely quoting Scripture. "Oh, blessed Jesus!" he cried, "what an age do we live in, and what a generation of vipers do we live among." One "viper" he was deter-

mined to crush. Three times the jury came forward and pronounced Alice Lisle not guilty, and three times Jeffreys sent them back to reconsider their verdict. Then, cowed and browbeaten, and also threatened with an attain of jury, the unwilling foreman at last spoke up against his conscience and brought the prisoner in guilty. The dread sentence was then pronounced: "That you, Mrs. Lisle, be conveyed from hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence you are to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, where your body is to be burnt alive till you be dead. And the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

Every effort was now made by the friends, assisted by the local clergy and gentry, to obtain a reprieve for the unhappy woman. It was shown that the sentence was not in accordance with law, for even if Alice Lisle had given shelter to Hicks, the man had not yet been convicted, and therefore, in the eyes of the law was innocent; how then could this aged dame be condemned for having harbored a rebel when his treason had still to be proved? Then the loyalty of the prisoner was duly set forth; how well she was disposed to the present dynasty, how her son wore the king's uniform, and "particularly that she was an enemy to the king's foes in the time of the late wars." Her great age, her sex, her infirmities were also enlarged upon, and brought forward as so many claims upon the royal mercy. In vain. The harsh king had given full powers to her judge, and declined to interfere. To Jeffreys all appeal was, of course, nugatory; the prisoner was his first victim, to pardon her would be destructive of the terror he wished his commission to inspire. If Alice Lisle were condemned, and all her petitions ignored, what hope then had those who had been actually engaged as principals in the late rise? One favor—terrible indeed was the penalty when such an alternative was deemed a favor!—was granted this ill-starred gentlewoman. She had begged that execution might be altered from burning to beheading, and her prayer had been acceded to. Nobly and bravely—like many another good woman who has had to face a cruel death—she went to her doom. We read, "On Wednesday, the 2nd of September, in the afternoon, Alice Lisle was brought to execution, which was performed upon a scaffold erected in the marketplace in the city of Winchester, when she behaved herself with a great deal of Christian resolution."

One of the first acts of the next reign was to have the attainder of "Alice Lisle, widow," made null and void on the grounds that her prosecution had been "irregular and undue," and that the verdict had been "injuriously extorted and procured by the menaces and violences and other illegal practices of George, Lord Jeffreys, then Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench." In the official record before me the name of Alice Lisle stands alone as the one victim of this assize.*

From Winchester the lord general judge proceeded to Salisbury. Like Hampshire, the county of Wilts had taken no part in the rising, and there consequently being no rebels to hang or burn, the insatiable but disappointed Jeffreys was forced to content himself with finding out and punishing those who had been guilty of uttering "indiscreet words." In the record before me I find entered: "Wiltshire.—None indicted for high treason; six men convicted for speaking seditious words, severally fined and whipped."†

This leniency was, alas! only exceptional. The day after the execution of Dame Lisle, the judge entered Dorsetshire, and took up his quarters in the town of Dorchester. He was now in the very heart of the county which had declared for Monmouth, and he knew with a furious joy that the calendar would be a full one. It was remarked that, when in the parish church the clergyman, who was preaching the usual assize sermon, discoursed upon the sacred duty of tempering justice with mercy, the thick brows of the judge contracted, and there was a smile upon the large mouth which seemed to the awed spectators to imply that he was about "to breathe death like a destroying angel, and to sanguine his very ermine in blood." Their conclusion was only too accurate. Jeffreys was anxious to do his work, and do it quickly. The lord keeper Guild-

ford had breathed his last; the vacant post was offered to Jeffreys, and he was bidden "to finish the king's business in the west." No one better appreciated than the judge the activity of his enemies during his absence. He was, therefore, most desirous of getting back with all speed to Whitehall and checkmating their moves. To expedite matters his wicked cunning now came to his aid. If every prisoner were to plead not guilty, the trials must necessarily extend over a long period of time, but if prisoners should be tempted to throw themselves upon his mercy, a very different result might be obtained. On opening his court in the town hall, which was ominously hung with scarlet for the occasion, Jeffreys was careful to make a promise which might mean a good deal, and which might also mean nothing. He said, "If any of those indicted would relent from their conspiracies and plead guilty, they should find him to be a merciful judge; but that those who put themselves on their trials (which the law mercifully gave them all, in strictness, a right to do), if found guilty, would have very little time to live, and therefore that such as were conscious they had no defence had better spare him the trouble of trying them." As drowning men catch at a straw, so men when face to face with death are glad to seize upon any alternative which gives them prospect of life. Prisoner after prisoner was brought to the bar, and acting upon the advice of the judge, pleaded guilty. Hosts were sentenced to death, and upon hosts the sentence was carried out. Every man who put himself upon his country and was convicted was strung up then and there. I give the numbers of the Dorsetshire men tried on this occasion as set out in the official list sent to the Treasury, and the punishment inflicted upon them:*

Seventy-four men executed for high treason. Ninety-four "prisoners convicted at Dorchester for high treason to be delivered to Sir William Booth to be transported." Sixty "prisoners to be transported to be delivered to Jerome Nipho." Sixteen "prisoners to be delivered to Sir Christopher Musgrave for transportation." Twenty-seven "prisoners who had certificates allowed pursuant to his Majesty's gracious proclamation." Twenty-seven "prisoners humbly proposed for his Majesty's gracious pardon." Six "prisoners remaining in custody." The following prisoners to be thus pun-

* An Account of the Proceedings against the Rebels and other Prisoners in the several counties of Southampton, Wilts, Dorset, Devon, and Somerset, by virtue of His Majesty's special commission of Oyer and Terminer and general gaol delivery, directed to the Right Honorable George, Lord Jeffreys, Lord Chief Justice of England, the Hon. Wm. Mountagu, Lord Chief Baron of His Majesty's Court of Exchequer, Sir Creswell Levinz, knight, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, Sir Francis Withens, knight, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Court of King's Bench, and Sir Rob. Wright, knight, one of the Barons of His Majesty's Exchequer, dated the 8th day of July, in the first year of His Majesty's reign over England, 1685.—State Papers, Domestic. Letter Book, Treasury, Feb. 1684-Oct. 1686. Removed from Treasury to the Record Office, 1853. The contents of this book have never before been made public.

† An Account of the Proceedings, etc.

* An Account of the Proceedings, etc.

ished: Rich. Holliday "for conducting the Lord Grey from Gillingham to Ringwood after the fight at Weston to be whipt twice, fined a mark, and to find sureties for the good behaviour for a year." Hugh Greene "for publishing Monmouth's Declaration fined £1,000, and committed till paid, and to find sureties for the good behaviour during life." Will. Wiseman "for publishing a seditious libel to be whipt at Dorchester and at every market town in the county." Six "prisoners for speaking seditious words severally fined and whipt." Fourteen "prisoners discharged for want of evidence." Nine "prisoners continued in gaol not indicted."

Jeffreys was fully satisfied with his day's work, and he thus writes to the powerful Sunderland: *—

"I most heartily rejoice, my dearest, dearest lord, to hear of your safe return to Windsor. I this day began with the trial of the rebels at Dorchester, and have dispatched ninety-eight; but am at this time so tortured with the stone that I must beg your lordship's intercession to his Majesty for the incoherence of what I have ventured to give his Majesty the trouble of; and that I may give myself so much ease by your lordship's favor as to make use of my servant's pen to give a relation of what has happened since I came here. My dearest lord, may I ever be tortured with the stone if I forget to approve myself, my dearest lord, your most faithful and devoted servant,

"JEFFREYS.

"Dorchester, September 5, 1685, 8 at night.

"For God's sake make all excuses, and when at leisure a word of comfort."

From Dorchester Jeffreys, always escorted by his strong military guard, proceeded to Exeter. The Devonshire men had taken little part in the actual fighting that occurred, not that they were wanting in sympathy with Monmouth, but as the insurrection had been rapidly crushed it failed to spread much beyond the confines of the county. Hence but few persons here were sentenced to death as rebels. It had so happened that the first prisoner who was arraigned, contrary to the judge's advice, pleaded not guilty, and being convicted, was at once tied up. His fate deterred others from following his example; man after man came to the front of the dock, said that he was guilty, and saved his lordship from going through the

form of trial. The list of punishments forwarded to the Treasury was, however, compared with that of other counties, not a heavy one. We find twelve were "executed at Exeter for high treason; two reprieved." Seven prisoners were "to be transported for high treason;" three were "convicted remaining in custody;" one was "proposed for pardon;" whilst twelve "for speaking seditious words were severally whipped and fined at Exeter."*

But Jeffreys reserved himself to the last for wreaking his vengeance to the full. He entered Somersetshire, and first opened his court at Taunton. He was now in the county which had been the very head and front of the rebellion, and, rendered half mad by a terrible malady, he was in a fitting mood to teach men how heinous was the crime of treason. It would not be his fault, he said, if he did not purify the place. And Taunton in his eyes was especially guilty, for it was here that Monmouth had been received with every sign of enthusiasm; the town on his entrance being decorated with flags, triumphal arches, and wreaths of flowers; it was here that, beneath a banner embroidered by the fairest hands in the county, the fascinating bastard allowed himself to be proclaimed king of England; and here it was that he had vowed the object of his mission was to uphold Protestantism. "I come," he said, when accepting a Bible which had been presented to him, "to defend the truths contained in this book, and to seal them, if it must be so, with my blood." Such a place was to be "purified," and if wholesale slaughter was purification Jeffreys had no reason to complain of his efforts. The calendar presented more than five hundred persons for trial, for whom "justice" thus accounted: Two hundred and twenty-two prisoners were "executed for high treason;" one hundred and ninety-eight were "to be transported;" twenty were "to be pardoned;" twenty-three were "proposed to be pardoned;" fifteen were "omitted in the warrant for execution although designed to be executed;" and thirty-three were "to remain in gaol until further order."†

The cells of the prisons at Taunton were so full that it now became necessary to adjourn the commission to Wells. Here the same story of hanging, imprisoning, and whipping was repeated with all its sickening details. We read that ninety-

* State Papers, Domestic, 1685.

* An Account of the Proceedings, etc.

† Ibid.

five were "executed for high treason;" three hundred and eighty-six were "to be transported;" six "pardoned," and twenty-five "proposed to be pardoned;" seventeen in custody "for want of evidence;" six were "to be fined or whipped for misdemeanors," and one hundred and thirty-nine were "bound over to appear at the next assizes."*

Bristol now only remained to be visited. The city was full of the partisans of Monmouth, but they had been prevented by the Duke of Beaufort, who was zealous in the king's cause, from being of service to their chief. Still many came up for punishment, and the judge did not spare them. Only three were executed for treason, but the usual penalty of whippings and imprisonment was freely passed. "I am just now come, my most honored Lord," writes Jeffreys to Sunderland,† "from discharging my duty to my sacred master in executing his commission in this his most factious city. For, my Lord, to be plain upon my true affection and honor to your Lordship, and my allegiance and duty to my royal master, I think this city worse than Taunton; but, my good Lord, though harassed with this day's fatigue, and now mortified with a fit of the stone, I must beg leave to acquaint your Lordship that I this day committed the Mayor of this city, Sir William Hayman, and some of his brethren, the aldermen, for kidnappers,‡ and have sent my tipstaff for others equally concerned in that villainy. I therefore beg your Lordship will acquaint his Majesty that I humbly apprehend it infinitely for his service that he be not surprised into a pardon to any man, though he pretend much to loyalty, till I have the honor and happiness I desire of kissing his royal hand. The reasons of this my humble request are too many to be confined within the narrow compass of this paper, but, my dear Lord, I will pawn my life, and that which is dearer to me, my loyalty, that Taunton and Bristol, and the county of Somerset, too, shall know their duty both to God and their king before I leave them. I purpose to-morrow for Wells, and in a few days don't despair to perfect the work I was sent about, and if my royal master would be graciously pleased to think I have contributed anything to his service

I am sure I have arrived at the height of my ambition. The particulars of Taunton I humbly refer to my Lord Churchill's relation, who was upon the place; I have received several letters signed by your Lordship for the disposal of the convicts. [Convicted prisoners were often sold to the planters in the West India Islands. Jeffreys valued them at about ten pounds apiece, and was aggrieved that the king should grant numbers to his favorites. The judge looked upon this generosity as interfering with his special spoil.] I shall certainly be obedient to his Majesty's commands, though the messengers seem to me too impetuous for a hasty compliance. And now lest my dearest Lord should be afflicted by further trouble, as I am at this time by pain, I will only say that I am, and with all truth and sincerity ever will approve myself, your Lordship's most dutiful, grateful, and faithful, as I am your most obliged, servant,

"JEFFREYS.

"Bristol, Sep. 22, 1685."

The cruelty which characterized the sentences passed by this hateful judge upon the prisoners brought before him was always apparent. Never did he once err on the side of mercy. If he condemned a man to the gallows or to transportation he was always careful to add to the severity of the sentence by some brutal remark or ribald jest as to the prisoner's antecedents. When his victim was allowed to escape out of his hands no one doubted that the judge had been freely bribed, or that by no manner of straining could the law be called upon to deal out punishment. From the monstrous record of his pitiless ruling on this occasion history has taken care to pick out a few of his decisions as indicative of the temper and conduct of the man. Upon a lad, still in his teens, who had been convicted of uttering "seditious words," sentence was passed of imprisonment for seven years, with a whipping during that period of once a fortnight at the different market towns in his county. The clerk of arraigns had the courage to interpose in mitigation of this awful judgment, while the women in the gallery sobbed audibly out of sympathy with the prisoner. "The punishment is not half bad enough for him," growled Jeffreys; "not all the interest in England shall save him." Fortunately the lad was seized with small-pox, and softened by a ruinous bribe, the judge remitted the sentence. One of the girls who had been found guilty of embroidering the colors given to Monmouth at

* An Account of the Proceedings, etc.

† State Papers, Domestic, 1685.

‡ This refers to a discovery made by the judge that the magistrates of the Bristol Corporation were in the habit of having assigned to them prisoners charged with felony, whom they sold for their own benefit to the West Indian planters.

Taunton was so paralyzed by the ferocity with which judgment was given against her, that scarcely had she returned to her cell than she fell on the floor a corpse. Seldom was a woman sentenced to a whipping without some coarse joke being made as to the exposure that must necessarily ensue. "It may be a cold morning to strip in," said he, "but we shall try to keep you warm, madam! See that she is whipped — whipped soundly till the blood runs down! We'll tickle you, madam!" A prisoner, with some knowledge of law, made a technical objection to the course being pursued at his trial. "Villain! rebel!" cried Jeffreys, "I think I see thee already with a halter round thy neck." The prisoner was convicted. "Let him be hanged the first," laughed the judge, "for if any with a knowledge of law come in my way, I shall take care to *prefer them*." One rebel begged for mercy on the ground that on the eve of Sedgemoor he had sent important information to Faversham, the general of the king's forces. "You deserve a double death," said the judge, not without reason; "one for rebelling against your sovereign, and the other for betraying your friends." We are told that he particularly piqued himself upon this *bon mot*. To repeat the stories as to this circuit which history has preserved would be to fill a goodly volume. Chroniclers differ with respect to the number of Monmouth's followers hanged and transported after this western revolt. According to the official list before me, forwarded to the Treasury, three hundred and twenty were sent to the galleys, and eight hundred and forty transported.*

The fell instructions had been carried out, and the infamous servant of an infamous master was now to receive his reward. Sprung from a decent but very impoverished lineage, Jeffreys had in his boyhood barely escaped being bound apprentice to a Denbigh shopkeeper; but conscious of the talents working within him, he had manfully fought against the opposition of his family and had embraced the bar as a profession. His rise had been rapid. After a few years' practice he was appointed common sergeant of the city of London, then recorder, then chief justice of Chester, then chief justice of the King's Bench, and now on his return from the terrible western circuit the great seal was entrusted to him. "His Majes-

ty," so ran the entry in the *Gazette*, "taking into his royal consideration the many eminent services which the right honourable George, Lord Jeffreys, of Wem, Lord Chief Justice of England, has rendered the crown, as well in the reign of the late King of ever blessed memory as since His Majesty's accession to the throne, was pleased this day [October 1, 1685] to commit to him the custody of the Great Seal of England with the title of Lord Chancellor." It has been the endeavor of those who seek to exculpate the king at the expense of Jeffreys, to attribute the merciless slaughter in the west alone to the interested vindictiveness of the judge. James, it is said, was opposed to these bloodthirsty proceedings and had counselled mercy. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, declared that the king never forgave the cruelty of the judge "in executing such multitudes in the west against his express orders." Yet the evidence of contemporaries fails to support this assertion. Burnet reports that James "had a particular account of the proceedings writ to him every day, and he took pleasure to relate them in the drawing-room to foreign ministers and at his table, calling it Jeffreys' campaign; speaking of all he had done in a style that neither became the majesty nor the mercifulness of a prince." Lord Sunderland writing to the judge when busy in the west tying up his prisoners, informs him that "the king approved entirely of all his proceedings." Implicit faith is not, of course, to be placed on the testimony of Jeffreys, but let it be listened to for what it is worth. The wretched man when imprisoned in the Tower declared that "his instructions were much more severe than the execution of them," and when on his death-bed again said, "Whatever I did then I did by express orders; and I have this further to add, that I was not half bloody enough for him who sent me thither." "Though we cannot believe," writes Lord Campbell,* "that Jeffreys stopped short of any severity which he thought would be of service to himself, there seems no reason to doubt (if that be any palliation) that throughout the whole of these proceedings his object was to please his master, whose disposition was now most vindictive, and who thought that by such terrible examples he should secure to himself a long and quiet reign."

The end of Jeffreys is well known. On

* An Account of Proceedings, etc. See also a very curious book, "The Western Martyrology," by T. Potts, 1695.

* Lives of the Chancellors. Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, vol. iv., p. 586.

the flight of James from Whitehall, at the advance of the Prince of Orange, the miscreant followed his master's example, and endeavored to make his escape by finding shelter on board a Newcastle collier bound for Hamburgh. He had shaved off his thick eyebrows, the upper part of his face was hidden by an old tarred hat which slouched well over his eyes, and he had disguised himself in the garb of a common sailor.

He took a collier's coat to sea to go;
Was ever Chancellor arrayed so?

The collier anchored off Wapping for the night. In the early morning Jeffreys, dry and half maddened with the drunkard's thirst, thought he might trust to his dress to go ashore and satisfy the cravings which were now a second nature. He went to an inn and called for a tankard of ale. Here a disappointed suitor recognized him, the cry was raised that the terrible lord chancellor was within, the mob clamored for his blood, and in all probability Jeffreys would have been torn limb from limb if a party of the train bands had not come to his rescue. He was driven off to the lord mayor amid the yells of the baffled crowd, and at his own suggestion was confined within the walls of the Tower in order to feel safe from the fury of the people. It was announced that he would speedily be put upon his trial, but the excitement consequent upon the occasion of a new dynasty interfered with all other matters, and the miserable wretch was allowed to pass away undisturbed by the law. He died a few months after his imprisonment, April 19, 1689. His end, it was said, was hastened by intemperance. "He chose to save himself," writes Oldmixon, "from a public death by large draughts of brandy which soon despatched him."

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

From Temple Bar.

MADAME TALLIEN.

FRANCOIS CABARRUS was a native of Bayonne; but early in life he moved to Madrid, where he engaged in mercantile pursuits. In these he prospered, amassed wealth, and in time was given by the Spanish government the directorship of the Bank of Saint Charles. Business took him to Paris in the winter of 1788. He was then a widower. His only daughter, Theresia, accompanied him on the journey. Theresia Cabarrus was a beau-

ty: her raven-black hair, dark, lustrous eyes, and brilliant complexion, were perfect; her nose was the one feature to which exception could be taken; it was turned up at the end. Years afterwards, when enemies were leagued together to disparage her, this "tip-tilted" nose served as a point of attack.

But her beauty apart, Theresia was eminently attractive. Her liveliness, her good-nature, her irresistible smile, drew around her a crowd of admirers. She had an ambition to shine in society, and, with that view, she cultivated the art of appearing to know much more than she really did. Lastly, it was understood that her father, if she made a suitable marriage, was prepared to give her a handsome dowry. She was not long in finding a husband. Among the many proposals she received, that of M. de Fontenay, a *conseiller au parlement* at Paris, seemed the most eligible. At the age of eighteen, she became Madame de Fontenay. Very little is known of her husband; but he is described by her biographers as a selfish libertine, who sought her less for herself than for her money. This may or may not be true. It is quite as likely that his young wife had been brought up with lax notions of morality, and that she gave herself no trouble to win his esteem.

France was now in a volcanic condition. The storm of revolution was about to burst. Madame de Fontenay, when not too much absorbed by worldly frivolities, discussed politics with eager glibness. Her sympathies were in favor of liberty, and in this she differed from her husband and his family, who were all staunch conservatives — a fact which may have helped to widen the breach between them. Her political opinions were formed on those of Messieurs Félix Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau and Charles de Lameth, with both of whom she was on terms of the closest intimacy. These men were ardent Revolutionists, and in their society Madame de Fontenay consoled herself for the absence of her husband.

When the Revolution burst in full fury, the Commune was triumphant, and the lives of aristocrats in peril, M. de Fontenay followed the example of too many others, and emigrated, leaving his spouse to look out for herself. One of the last acts passed by the Legislative Assembly decreed that "if one of a married couple, living apart at the time, emigrated, the other could claim a divorce." Madame de Fontenay at once availed herself of this act, to obtain hers.

She remained in Paris for some months; but, as time went on, a misunderstanding arose between her and her friend Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau, who was a member of the Convention. To forfeit his goodwill, just then, was dangerous. The moment was one of general mistrust. All things considered, she judged it prudent to quit Paris, and pay a visit to her father at Madrid. She proceeded in safety as far as Bordeaux, where she rested a few days. She found the inhabitants of that town in the utmost consternation. Two deputies from Paris had been sent there, instructed by the Convention to institute a reign of terror similar to that existing at Lyons or Nantes. These deputies were Tallien and Ysabeau.

Jean Lambert Tallien was a man of low origin, but had received a fair education. While still a boy, he was employed as copying clerk, first by an attorney, then by a notary; and later on, the deputy Broustaret made him his secretary. It was while acting subsequently as compositor at a printing-office that he undertook the editorship of a single-sheet journal entitled the *Ami des Citoyens*, wherein ultra-Republican principles were advocated. In 1791, when the attempted flight of the royal family from France had failed, his journal, till then obscure, made itself conspicuous by the heat with which it clamored for the deposition of Louis XVI. He took an active part in promoting the outbreak on the 10th of August in the following year; and when, on that day, the self-instituted Commune assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, he was appointed its registrar. In this capacity he displayed a ferocious zeal. He is accused, with good cause, of having planned the massacres perpetrated between the 2nd and 5th September, for, in most cases, the orders of arrest which had previously filled the prisons bore his signature. To him too, it is said, was delivered the property found on the victims — property which (according to Sénart) he kept for a time under lock and key, and afterwards appropriated. In the new Convention, he represented the department of Seine-et-Oise. Here he urgently demanded that the king should be brought to trial, and opposed his being allowed to see his family. Finally, at the trial, he voted for the king's death, and against an appeal to the people. His influence contributed to the downfall of the Girondists. When the surviving members of that party escaped from Paris, and sought refuge at Bordeaux, he was chosen to proceed there

and hunt them down, as well as to extirpate royalism generally, and extort money from the wealthy natives. He, and his colleague Ysabeau, carried out their instructions with sanguinary vigor. Establishing themselves first at La Réole, some miles off, they issued their edicts thence; but as soon as the inhabitants of Bordeaux had been sufficiently cowed, they entered the town with much parade. The guillotine was erected in the Place de Justice. Here stood the house occupied by Tallien, who used to watch the executions from his window, and evince a fiendish satisfaction at what he saw.

Such was the state of affairs when Madame de Fontenay arrived in the place. She had no wish to remain any longer than was necessary. It was required, however, that travellers about to cross the frontier should produce a passport duly signed by one of the deputies, also a certificate of *non-émigration*, and a *carte de sûreté*. It is probable that she had neglected to provide herself with these different papers, for, when about to leave, she was arrested as *suspecte*, and thrown into prison, with a fair prospect of only leaving it for the scaffold. She was not personally acquainted with Tallien, though she knew him well enough by name. She now wrote to him to protest against her imprisonment, describing herself as the worthiest of citizenesses, and beseeching him to grant her a hearing. It is not unlikely that the man she addressed had often heard of the beautiful Madame de Fontenay. His curiosity was certainly aroused. He went to the prison wherein she was detained, and had an interview with her. Madame de Fontenay was skilled in all the arts of seduction. Many years afterwards she wrote, alluding to this period of her life, "Quand on traverse la tempête, on ne choisit pas toujours sa planche de salut." She doubtless beheld in the formidable young consul a *planche de salut*, to which she must cling, or else drown. On his presenting himself before her, she knelt at his feet, with tears and entreaties; but against such weapons experience had made him proof. It was only when she laid siege to his vanity that he began to relent. Finally, she captivated him completely. He left the prison desperately in love, and, a few hours later, the prisoner was granted her freedom. Accordingly, though it is said very reluctantly, her project of going to Madrid was abandoned, and very soon she was living openly with him as his mistress.

Life was a drama in which Theresia de Fontenay had always aspired to play a leading part: in fact, she is known to have said that her ambition was to be mistress of a king, like Madame de Pompadour, with ample power to control public affairs. Her ambition may be said to have been more than half realized now. Tallien ruled Bordeaux, and she ruled Tallien. She drove through the streets with him in an open carriage, preceded and followed by outriders. She appeared with him at the theatre, attired as the Goddess of Liberty: on her head was the *bonnet rouge*; one hand held a pike, the other rested on the shoulder of the lion she had subdued. For this extravagant behavior some allowance may be made, when one considers the peculiar position in which she was placed. It is universally admitted that her disposition was humane, and that she made a generous use of her influence with her "red-gloomy Dis," as Carlyle calls him. Detesting violence and bloodshed, she refused to occupy his house in sight of the guillotine, and insisted on his removing to another. She induced him to relax the severity of his rule, and all the persecuted inhabitants who sought her, she saw. To some she granted an asylum beneath her roof; for others she obtained passports to enable them to flee the country. Daily she begged off numbers of people actually condemned to death. Among those thus befriended, she had, ere long, earned the title of *Notre Dame de Bon Secours*.

Tallien and Ysabeau were rivals, and between rivals much love is never lost. They were assisted in the government of Bordeaux by a monster named Lacombe, who held the post of public accuser, and by a *Comité de Surveillance*, consisting of a dozen ruffians prepared to carry out any crime. All these men, from Lacombe downwards, hated Tallien. As long as he preserved a system of terror, they worked with him readily. When, however (thanks to Madame de Fontenay), he went over to the side of clemency, they were much incensed. Their wrath was principally directed against his mistress. She was the cause of this change of front in Tallien — a change which would surely end in their losing all further chance of plunder. They put their heads together, to decide how they might most effectually crush her; and there occurred to them the bright idea of making her and Tallien quarrel. In this they did not perfectly succeed, though their scheme (as will be shown) was not without effect.

Just at this time (February, 1794) there was a lady at Bordeaux (Madame de Lâge), whose life was in imminent peril. She belonged to the condemned order of "aristocrats," and had held a post in the household of the murdered Princesse de Lamballe. Her name had been down for some time on the list of emigrants, her property in France being seized in consequence, and she herself declared *hors la loi*. She had, it is true, quitted the country some three years previously; but the dangerous illness of her mother, who was living at Bordeaux, induced her to return. Her mother having now recovered, she would have departed if she could. But that was impossible. The police were aware of her presence, and a busy search for her commenced. She was obliged to assume various disguises, and to change her quarters continually. Her last hiding-place was with a worthy couple named Contanceau, who kept her concealed in their house for several weeks. Madame Contanceau, by a lucky chance, became acquainted with Madame de Fontenay's maid, and begged her to obtain from her mistress a passport signed by Tallien, enabling Madame de Lâge to leave Bordeaux by one of the merchant-ships sailing thence from time to time. Madame de Fontenay, with her usual kindness, promised to obtain the passport, and expressed a wish to see the person she was assisting. Accordingly, Madame de Lâge, disguised as a market-woman, crept forth from her retreat, and was conducted to the other's house.

Madame de Fontenay, though it was eleven o'clock in the day, was still in bed. She received her timid visitor most graciously, and addressed her as familiarly as though they were old friends.

Vous me voyez malade [she began]: the fact is, something occurred yesterday which upset me. I will tell you what it was. You are aware, or perhaps indeed you are not, that I used to be on very intimate terms with Saint-Fargeau, who latterly has been spreading all kinds of malicious reports about me. For all that, I am still fond of him. Well, I had my portrait taken here expressly for Tallien; and when it was finished, it struck me as so good that I determined to send it to Saint-Fargeau. Now, you know how the members of the *Comité de Surveillance* detest me. They managed to get hold of my parcel, and examine its contents before sending it on; and when Saint-Fargeau's reply — which, I must tell you, was *assez claire* — arrived, they intercepted it, and took it to Tallien. The consequence was that he came here yesterday, about midday, in such a fury that he began spitting

blood. He threatened to have me guillotined on the spot. In short, nothing that I can say can give you any idea of his violence. I listened to him with perfect calmness, allowed his anger time to cool, and then exerted all the wit I possess to prove to him that his *Comité de Surveillance* was bereft of common sense. I assured him that the letter had no such meaning as he attached to it; and finally I prevailed on him to give it me, and forget all about it. All this that I am telling you happened between midday and one o'clock, and at six o'clock the members of the Committee had, at my instance, been placed under arrest. I am resolved that they shall pay dearly, and for long, the spiteful trick they have played me.*

Madame de Fontenay spoke in a different tone a few days later. The authorities in Paris had for some time been dissatisfied with the increasing mildness of Tallien's rule at Bordeaux. On hearing of the wholesale arrest of the *Comité de Surveillance*, they decided on recalling him. He was summoned to the bar of the Convention to explain his conduct. On the day that he set out for Paris, Madame de Lège paid a final visit to Madame de Fontenay, whom this time she found in tears, and expressing regret that her hasty retaliation on the Committee should have got her protector into trouble. She was not a little alarmed, too, on her own account. The Committee had been freed from arrest on Tallien's departure, and she was now exposed to their ill-will. Altogether, her position was not agreeable. Nevertheless, she quickly recovered her spirits, and conversed with her guest on a variety of topics. Among other observations, she made the following:—

You women with exaggerated sentiments and high principles, have, I know, a very bad opinion of me; but I maintain, and am ready to prove, that I have done far more good than any of you. For several months now, I have not lain down at night without having saved somebody's life; while the rest of you, with your royalism, and your romantic notions—be kind enough to tell me of what use you all are?

She went on to remark that she felt but faint attachment for Tallien personally; but that since she was, in a great measure, the cause of his present difficulties, she considered herself as bound in honor to stick by him. She therefore intended re-joining him as soon as possible. From this resolution Madame de Lège strove to dissuade her, pointing out how fatal any further connection with him might prove;

* *Souvenirs d'émigration*, by the Marquise de Lège de Volude.

but all in vain. A day or two later, she herself (under a feigned name, and armed with a passport bearing Tallien's signature) succeeded in escaping from Bordeaux in a vessel bound for New York.

On reaching the capital, Tallien beheld a changed scene. During his absence, the power of Robespierre had increased amazingly. Danton, Desmoulins, Hérault—the chiefs, in fact, of the party to which he himself belonged—had been guillotined: it was manifest that all who obstructed the tyrant's path would be dealt with as they had been. He managed to clear himself of the charge of *modérantisme* brought against him; but still, he perceived that the green eyes of Robespierre were bent on him with dislike. Such prejudice he proceeded to disarm by being submissive, and biding his time.

Madame de Fontenay, informed by Tallien of Robespierre's hostile attitude, remained for a while at Bordeaux, in doubt as to what to do. She knew that to attempt to quit France, circumstanced as she was, would be hazardous; she likewise knew that going to Paris would be walking straight into the lion's jaws. Yet anything was better than staying where she was. She cherished a hope, too, that Tallien might play a distinguished part in coming events, and possibly attain supreme power. To Paris, therefore, she went back, and settled somewhere in the suburbs. She found things going well with her lover, who had regained public confidence, and was filling the post of secretary to the Convention, of which body he was soon after named president. As it seemed to her a fit moment for bringing herself into favorable notice with the government, she drew up and presented to the Convention an address embodying her ideas on women, and their duties in a regenerated society. Her standard is a lofty one—far loftier indeed than she had herself chosen to adopt. She gives it as her opinion that the noblest task her sex can undertake is nursing the sick, and administering to the wants of the unfortunate. She calls therefore upon the *citoyens représentans* to decree that all young women, before marrying, should "pass some time in the abodes of poverty and grief, and practise there all the virtues which society has a right to expect from them."

She continues in the following strain:—

You will surely allow women to hope that they may bear their part in public instruction, for they naturally suppose that, in the special care you propose devoting to the education of

children, their influence will not be overlooked. But above all, they feel confident that you will entrust to them the guidance of those little ones whom misfortune has deprived of maternal care. Let not the charge of having undervalued modesty, and its virtuous effects, be brought against such men as you: for how can modesty be taught except by a woman's voice, how enforced except by her example?*

Her address was approved by the Convention, and forwarded with honorable mention to the Committees of Instruction and Public Safety.

The growing influence of Robespierre at last began to excite the jealousy of his colleagues, and of the Convention generally. He perceived that an adverse current was setting in against him, and he prepared to stem it. His suspicions were more than ever directed against Tallien, whose movements he caused to be watched by spies. The intelligence thus gained convinced him that mischief was on foot. He was well aware of Tallien's relations with Madame de Fontenay, and he felt that by caging one bird, he might be inflicting a stunning blow on the other. The power he wielded in the Committee of Public Safety enabled him to imprison whom he pleased. He ordered the instant arrest of Madame de Fontenay, who was seized at Versailles, where she happened to be staying, and conducted to La Force. Even had other pretext been wanting, the fact of her bearing an aristocratic name would have justified this measure in the eyes of the committee; but besides this, her merciful doings at Bordeaux were thrown into the scale against her.

Tallien, deeply incensed, appealed to the committee, declaring that the citizeness Fontenay was his wife, that he could answer for her, and that, considering the proofs he had given of devotion to the Revolution, she ought to be restored to him. His appeal was rejected; but it is said (on authority rather doubtful) that Robespierre offered the prisoner her liberty, if she would state her belief that Tallien was an "unworthy citizen" — her reply being that she would "sooner suffer a thousand deaths."

Though inwardly tormented by the keenest anxiety on Theresia's account, Tallien assumed an air of unconcern. He hired a lodging near La Force, and, by securing the good-will of the turnkeys, managed to correspond with her. This seems to have been discovered, for she

was suddenly removed to another prison, the Carmes, and more rigorously watched. Among her prison companions here were Joséphine de Beauharnais (afterwards empress), Madame d'Aiguillon, and an Englishwoman, Mrs. Dalrymple Elliott, whose connection with the Duke of Orleans (Egalité) had subjected her to persecution.*

Reports of the momentous events passing outside reached Madame de Fontenay at the Carmes. She heard of the theatrical ceremony in honor of a Supreme Being, at which Robespierre had arrogated to himself all the importance. She heard too of that which more nearly concerned herself and her fellow-captives — the reconstruction of the Revolutionary Tribunal. After this had been decreed, the Terror set in with an intensity before unknown. On the flimsiest pretences, or no pretence at all, the "suspected" were flung into prison, summoned thence before the Tribunal, and dismissed untried to the guillotine. According to Thiers, twelve hundred and eighty-five people were condemned to death in the six weeks that followed on the passing of Robespierre's murderous law. During this period, the life of the prisoners was a prolonged agony. To resign themselves to their fate, and await their turn, was all they could do. Madame de Fontenay, however, was not given to despondency. Life was precious to her, and she was not going to lose it without an effort. She still found means of communicating with Tallien, and she now wrote to him, adjuring him to compass Robespierre's destruction, by whatever means — even by assassination.

Tallien, indeed, did not need the entreaties of her he loved to goad him to action. He, and several others in the Convention, were trembling for their own heads. Even in the club of the Jacobins, where a grim harmony had till now existed, there was a serious split. Collot, Billaud, and Barère, knowing that Robespierre intended prescribing them, had joined the combination forming against him. It was evident that a desperate struggle for the mastery was at hand.

Meantime, even the high-spirited Theresia had begun to lose hope. One morning a turnkey entered the room she occupied, and proceeded to carry off a mattress on which she lay at night. On asking

* Mrs. Dalrymple Elliott has left an interesting account of her experiences at this time; but unfortunately her narrative breaks off with tantalizing abruptness some time before her meeting with Madame de Fontenay.

* Notre Dame de Thermidor, by Arsène Houssaye.

why this was done, she was told that a newly arrived prisoner wanted it, and that she would probably have no more need of it. This was significant enough; but further proof that her last hour was approaching came presently, as the following stinging lines, addressed by her to Tallien, show:—

I have just learnt that to-morrow I am to appear at the Tribunal — that is to say, that I am to mount the scaffold. This is hardly a fulfilment of a dream I had last night. My dream was that Robespierre was no more, and that the doors of all the prisons were opened; but, thanks to your signal cowardice, there will soon be nobody left in France capable of realizing it.*

Having shot this arrow, she submitted with calmness to having her long, black, silky hair cut short at the neck, in preparation for the descent of the fatal blade. Her companions, Mesdames de Beauharnais and d'Aiguillon, and Mrs. Elliott, did the same. They then, all of them, derived what comfort they could from Tallien's reply, which ran thus: "Be as prudent as I shall be brave, and put aside your fears."

It was the evening of the 26th July, or 8th Thermidor, according to the Revolutionary calendar. Robespierre had on that day reappeared at the Convention after a protracted absence, and delivered a speech in which he dwelt on his own virtues and public services, and complained of the misrepresentation his incorruptible conduct had undergone. He threw out dark hints about the existence of a "criminal coalition" in the very heart of the Convention, and pointed to the exposure of traitors, and the silencing of faction's voice, as the only means of saving the country. He abstained from naming anybody in particular, though called on to do so by many among his hearers; that duty he left to his colleague Saint-Just, who was to read a report, explaining everything, next day. His harangue was listened to from first to last almost in silence—a silence that boded ill for him.

Surprised and offended, he hastened, as soon as the sitting was over, to the club of the Jacobins, and poured out his griefs to his friends there.

During the night, few members of the Convention can have slept. Mountain and Plain had combined to resist the tyrant's advance. Tallien, feverishly impatient, undertook to lead the attack, and

asked but that his adherents should back him up manfully. In the morning, deputies crowded to the Convention earlier than usual. Tallien was standing at one of the doors of the hall, and conferring with some of his supporters, when he saw Saint-Just pass in, report in hand, and ascend the tribune. Robespierre and Couthon followed.

"Now is our time!" exclaimed Tallien. "Let us go in." And in they went, just as the speaker was beginning to read his report, which was no less than a vehement denunciation of forty deputies, of whose presence Robespierre was resolved to be rid. Saint-Just had hardly uttered three pompous introductory sentences, when the fiery Tallien interrupted him on a point of order, and shouted out, "*Je demande que le voile soit entièrement déchiré!*" These words were greeted by a tempest of applause from all corners of the hall. As it subsided, Billaud-Varennes began an indignant philippic against Robespierre, who, on its conclusion, dashed forward to obtain possession of the tribune. But Tallien would not allow this. Springing up the steps, he continued the attack in spirited sort.

A moment since [cried he] I demanded that the curtain should be torn aside; and that it has been so, is now evident. The conspirators are unmasked. Though well aware that my life was threatened, I have till to-day kept silence. But last evening I was present at a meeting of the Jacobins, and I beheld the new Cromwell assembling his forces. Trembling for my country, I armed myself with a dagger; and I am prepared to plunge it in the miscreant's heart, if the Convention has not the courage to decree his impeachment.*

As he spoke, he drew a real dagger from his bosom, and brandished it before the eyes of the assembly. The temper of the house was shown by the deafening cheers which saluted this action—cheers which were repeated at intervals as Tallien poured forth a long-pent-up torrent of invective.

Robespierre turned livid. He again strove to ascend the tribune, but it was already occupied by a fresh enemy. He ran backwards and forwards demanding a hearing; but the president's bell, and cries of *à bas le tyran*, drowned his voice.

"*Président des assassins!*" he screamed; "for the last time, I call on you to allow me to be heard." He looked despairingly around the hall, and met nothing but menacing gestures, or averted

* Biographie Universelle.

* Thiers' Histoire de la Révolution, vol. vi., p. 449.

glances, while the tumult went on increasing. At length, foaming at the mouth and out of breath, he sank on his seat, conscious perhaps that all was lost.

The question of impeachment was put to the vote, and passed unanimously. Before the house rose, Robespierre, and his foremost adherents, had been arrested and led off to prison. The following day, they were dragged through the streets of Paris to the guillotine.

The news of Robespierre's defeat and execution quickly reached the prisons, where hundreds of wretched people were awaiting that death which had now overtaken him. Of course, Madame de Fontenay was among the first to be set at liberty. It soon became known that the close of the Reign of Terror was in a manner attributable to her, and the released prisoners, and their friends, named her, in gratitude, *Notre Dame de Thermidor*.

Tallien had, during their residence at Bordeaux, often pressed Madame de Fontenay to marry him; but she had refused, on the ground that her father would not consent. He had now saved her life a second time, and she could not well remain obdurate any longer. They went through the form of a civil marriage towards the end of the year.

To the Terror there succeeded an inevitable reaction. While the tyranny of Robespierre lasted, society had lain, as it were, oppressed by a nightmare. Female influence seemed extinct; the voice of youth was stifled; a people before gay and frivolous had caught something of the gloomy enthusiasm of its rulers. But now that the restraint imposed by fear was removed, poor human nature asserted herself. Nothing but a surfeit of those pleasures from which they had been long cut off, would satisfy the young men and women who followed the lead of the brilliant Madame Tallien. She indeed was the ruling spirit of the scene. She had rivals, it is true. Madame Récamier, the banker's wife, was prettier; Madame de Staël far cleverer; Joséphine de Beauharnais more winning; but the sceptre of authority was hers. Her house became the rallying-point of the Thermidorians.

Her desire was [says Thiers] that her husband should play the part of peacemaker, of repairer of the evils of the Revolution. She drew around her all those who had contributed with him to the events of the 9th Thermidor, and tried to win them by flattering them, by assuring them that they had a right to hope for the public gratitude, for oblivion of the past — which many of them needed — and,

above all, for that power which was now promised to the adversaries, rather than to the partisans, of Terror.*

Thorough-going Revolutionists refused to be won over by Madame Tallien's seductions. Such of them as were persuaded to be present at her concerts and assemblies, accused her of seeking to inaugurate an era of luxury and self-indulgence. This charge was quite justifiable. In the matter of morals, a period of unbounded license had set in. The example set by Madame Tallien herself was by no means in accordance with the fine sentiments contained in her address to the Convention. It was certainly just as well that the orphans of the republic, in whose instruction she had claimed a share, were not obliged to derive their notions of modesty from her.

Extravagant costumes were adopted by both sexes. Women attired themselves after a pseudo-classical fashion. Their hair was cut short, and bound by a fillet; their necks and arms were bare; their short-waisted gowns fell in clinging folds, that showed very plainly the shape of the limbs they covered. On their feet were sandals instead of shoes. Madame Tallien, it is well known, wore jewelled rings on her toes in as glittering profusion as on her fingers. As for the young men who shone in her train — the *jeunesse dorée*, as Fréron taught the republicans to call them — nothing could well have been more ludicrous than their foppishness. The coats they wore had enormous collars, devised as though in scorn of the guillotine, and tails which, beginning somewhere between the shoulder-blades, descended almost to the heels. Their chins — nay, the very points of their noses — were buried in voluminous cravats of white lawn. Except a couple of tresses a foot long, dangling by either cheek, their hair was combed to the back of the head, and fell in a tightly plaited tail. They spoke lispingly, and without rolling the letter *r*. They carried huge eye-glasses, and stout clubs loaded with lead. Notwithstanding their tails and cravats, they were courageous when their blood was up; and in many a pitched battle with the Jacobins, they broke skulls in abundance with their clubs, besides getting grievously mauled themselves.

There was a perfect rage for dancing among these *merveilleux* and *merveilleuses*. To entertainments called *bals des victimes*, none but those who had lost a

* Histoire de la Révolution, vol. vii., p. 120.

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relation by the guillotine were admitted; and they, wearing a band of crape around the left arm, hopped and whirled to the memory of the dead!

Madame Tallien's exertions in favor of moderation — political, that is — were, on the whole, successful. The complete control she exercised over Tallien enabled her to perform as many acts of benevolence now, as previously at Bordeaux. She had numbers of unhappy beings, still lingering in prison, released. For others, who had been ruined by the Revolution, she obtained restitution, in part, of their property. She had a hand also in most of the reactionary measures passed, such as the suppression of the Revolutionary Tribunal, the closing of the Jacobin Club, and the condemnation of the monsters Fouquier-Tinville, Carrier, and Lebon. In the street in which she lived, the Rue Saint-Georges, there were still to be seen such ferocious inscriptions as "*L'égalité, la fraternité, la république, ou la mort!*" She sallied out one fine day, escorted by some of her "gilded youth," and had them all removed. At a dinner which she gave to commemorate the 9th Thermidor, the guests consisted mainly of members of the Convention of widely different opinions. As the evening advanced, words ran so high on politics that the hostess, to use her own phrase, "feared it would end by their flinging the plates at each others' heads." To calm the storm, she rose and proposed the following toast: "*A l'oubli des erreurs, au pardon des injures, à la réconciliation de tous les Français!*" These words had the desired effect on those present, and in return, the health of *Notre Dame de Thermidor* was drunk with enthusiasm.

Madame Tallien had made up her mind that her husband was to play a distinguished rôle in public affairs; but in this she was disappointed. Tallien's day, politically speaking, was nearly over. At the beginning of the turmoil now subsiding, he had struggled, as had other upstarts, to the surface. The assistance he lent in overthrowing Robespierre gained him power and prominence for a period. But the time had now come for him to sink again. During the trials of Carrier and Lebon, attention was naturally drawn to the atrocities by which his own consulship at Bordeaux had at first been marked. Afterwards, while sitting in the Council of Five Hundred, under the Directory, he was railed at by Royalists for his share in the massacres of September, 1792. His subsequent conduct in the

affair at Quiberon exposed him to fresh censure. Newspapers, both royalist and republican, attacked him, the former as a regicide, the latter as a traitor to the true cause.

In the cloud of merited discredit which overtook him, Madame Tallien found herself involved. There was much in her own past life for which she had reason to feel shame; but in the crimes committed by him she had no share. Society frowned on her, partly on account of the laxity of her moral conduct; but just as much because she bore the hateful name of Tallien. Her title of *Notre Dame de Thermidor*, of which she was not a little proud, was taken from her, and she heard herself styled *Notre Dame de Septembre* — a cruel and unjust thrust which wounded her deeply. Of the affronts offered her, we find an instance in a letter from Mr. Henry Swinburne, who was in Paris in November, 1796. He went, one evening, to a ball given by Madame de Valence. Presently, Madame Tallien was announced. Upon this, all the other ladies hastily took their departure.

Can you imagine such folly in their circumstances and misfortunes? [exclaims he]. I will venture to say that there was scarcely one but had directly or indirectly asked, or will soon ask, a favor of that woman, whose greatest crimes perhaps are her beauty and her riches.*

He saw her again, soon afterwards, at a subscription-ball at the Hôtel de Richelieu, when her presence did not cause such a flutter. She wore, it seems, "a wig *en tête de mouton* sticking up behind, interwoven with pearls and diamonds." Her dress was a combination of gold and poppy-color. "She looks sometimes dejected," writes Mr. Swinburne. "The women of character, though belonging to the republic, do not associate with her." At last this state of things became unendurable. Madame Tallien had always despised her husband, whose character was really as mean as his origin. He could be of no further use to her now; indeed, her social disgrace she attributed solely to her connection with him. She therefore spurned him from her presence. It wanted but this to complete his extinction.

In 1798, when Napoleon was about to set out for the conquest of Egypt, Tallien was permitted to make one of a number of *savants* accompanying the expedition. In Egypt he remained three years.

* Swinburne's *Courts of Europe*.

Whether he was really competent to study the pyramids, or elucidate inscriptions, it is impossible to say. He probably found a more congenial occupation in editing a journal — the *Décade Egyptienne*. Some disagreement with General Menou, who was appointed commander-in-chief in succession to Kléber, led to his dismissal, towards the close of 1801. The vessel in which he sailed for France, was taken by an English privateer in mid-ocean, and brought to England. He came to London, where, to the disgrace of the Whig party, the Whigs made much of him, and invited him to routs and banquets. His return to Paris was nothing short of a shock to Madame Tallien. The year after their marriage (1795) she had presented him with a daughter; but during his absence in Egypt, she had given birth to three other children, of paternity unacknowledged. To the returned *savant* she would have nothing to say; and to prove herself in earnest, she applied for, and obtained, a divorce from him, possibly on the ground of the incompatibility of their tempers. This done, she treated him with distant civility. To the sort of terms they were on in 1802, we find a reference in the "Life" of Lord Campbell, who writes from Paris in September of that year: —

Our visit to Tallien was a very curious one. We talked very coolly with him concerning the massacres of September; but nothing astonished me so much as the conversation that took place about his wife. You know she divorced him, and has since lived with a variety of other men. Yet he talked of her beauty, of her wit, of her amiable manners, of having been calling upon her, and of doing her the pleasure to introduce me to her acquaintance.

Even this semblance of friendship ceased after a time, and the humiliated Tallien retired into utter obscurity.*

Later in the same year, Charles James Fox visited Paris, and Madame Tallien (or Madame Cabarrus, as she preferred calling herself, since divorcing Tallien) gave a grand dinner in his honor, the expatriated Irish rebel, Arthur O'Connor, being one of the guests. French horns

played during dinner; afterwards a clever ventriloquist entertained the company by his "imitation of a Revolutionary Committee in the corner of the room." Fox's secretary, Mr. Trotter, from whom we learn these particulars, writes of the hostess: "She is a most lovely woman, something upon a large scale, and of the most fascinating manners." He adds, "She is rather in disgrace at court, where decorum and morals are beginning to be severely attended to." It is plain that Mr. Trotter was of opinion that the court had made a mistake in renouncing so bright an ornament as *la Cabarrus*, on any consideration. In 1805, the Comte de Caraman, who for many months had been hovering around Theresia, like a moth around a lamp, made her an offer of marriage. The knowledge that she had divorced two husbands (both of them living) did not alarm him. She indeed, it is to be supposed, thought it high time to turn over a new leaf, and be respectable, for she accepted him, and they were married without delay. Soon after, by the death of his father, M. de Caraman succeeded to the title of Prince de Chimay, and the possession of extensive landed property in Belgium. On settling down at her new home — a splendid ancestral château — the one desire of the Princesse de Chimay was that, as far as she was concerned, the past should be buried forever. But this was not so easy to effect. The past refused to be buried. She was reminded, with distressing frequency, of her existence since the outbreak of the Revolution. Her husband, by right of birth, held a high post at the court of the Netherlands; but she was not received there, nor would the queen hear of her being presented. So was it at Paris, where she and the prince went every winter. The doors of the Tuileries were closed against her; and when her old friend, the empress Joséphine, saw her, she turned her head the other way — by order of Napoleon.

Of course a woman, such as she was, could muster a court of her own, wherever she might be. At the Château de Chimay, she reined supreme. There guests succeeded guests. She found most pleasure in literary and artistic society. The author Chateaubriand, the singer Malibran, the composers Cherubini and Auber, were among those who enjoyed her hospitality. Cherubini, finding his invention flagging, had abandoned music and taken to the study of botany. He was however persuaded by the princess to resume his

* The principal remaining events of his life are well known. Fouché in 1809 obtained for him the consulship of Alicante. On his way thither he was seen by the Duchesse d'Abrantès, who describes him as a person of lowering aspect, and atrabilious complexion. He had not been long at his new post when he caught the yellow fever, and in the course of a dangerous illness lost the sight of an eye. The restoration of the Bourbons deprived him of his place, and in 1814 he was once more in Paris. Here he sank into extreme poverty, subsisting mostly on charity till his death in 1826.

pen; and before quitting her roof, he had produced one of the best of his compositions, a mass for Saint Cecilia's Day.

In 1829, when time had transformed her into the sedatest of matrons, Madame de Chimay heard that a book, professing to contain the memoirs of her life, was about to be published in Paris. As the contents were expected to be of a scandalous and altogether piquant sort, the folks interested in such publications were anxiously awaiting its appearance. Her son, Edouard Cabarrus, who had entered the medical profession, and resided at Paris, exerted himself to have the forthcoming volume suppressed, a service which his mother wrote to acknowledge.

I thank you from the bottom of my heart [said she] for trying to prevent the publication of the *Mémoires* with which I am menaced. When people are so cowardly and mean as to speculate on scandal, and to attack a woman, a mother of a family, no honorable feeling, no scruples, can be expected to influence them. Their victim must only be resigned. I fear it will be no easy matter, my friend, to induce such creatures to forego what they call a speculation. I despise people who seek a living by slandering others; and I pity those who find amusement in works which cause misery, and often estrangement, in families before united. As for the revelations with which I am now threatened, nobody will suppose that, esteemed and beloved as I am in this country, where I occupy an honorable position, I am going to disturb the peace of my home by noticing them. I owe it to M de Chimay to submit to calumny without complaining, and whatever attacks may be made on me, they will receive from myself and all right-minded people the contempt they deserve.*

It would seem that the dreaded volume never saw the light after all, some arrangement having been made with author and publisher for its suppression.

During the closing years of her life, the Princesse de Chimay was a constant invalid. She tried system after system, waters after waters, but without finding health. Her home existence was peaceful and retired. She devoted much time and attention, it is said, to the serious education of her children by M. de Chimay. At the time of her death in 1835, her name was almost forgotten in French society. Yet, before long, it was again dragged into the full light of day. Her three children, born during the years 1800, 1801, and 1802, while Tallien was absent in Egypt, were described in their *actes de*

naissance as the offspring of Mademoiselle Cabarrus, unmarried. This stamped them as bastards. They took no steps in the matter while their mother lived; but, on her death, they applied to the Tribunal de la Seine, to have the said *actes de naissance* rectified, and themselves acknowledged as legitimate Talliens. Their appeal was at once opposed by the sons of the Prince de Chimay, on the ground, seemingly, that the applicants might, if their legitimacy were established, lay claim to a share in certain property left by the princess. At the close of the trial, which lasted several days, judgment was given in favor of the applicants, seeing that they came into the world after the marriage, but before the divorce, of the Tallien couple. At the same time, the *procureur du roi*, who presided, rebuked the Chimay princes for conspiring to *fêtrer la mémoire de leur mère*.

It was doubtless the wish of Madame de Chimay to wipe out all recollection of her having ever borne the name of Tallien. Nevertheless, it is as Madame Tallien that she will always be remembered. In extenuation of her moral backslidings, little, if anything, can be said. It is a pleasanter task to acknowledge that she performed numberless acts of generosity, at the risk often of her own life, and that she was instrumental in saving France from the thralldom of Robespierre.

From The Saturday Review.

THE PROPOSED MONUMENT TO COLIGNY.

THIS is an age of reparations and rehabilitations in the historical domain. It has been argued that Nero was a model of filial piety and Henry VIII. of conjugal fidelity; Richard III., we have been assured, was deformed neither in body nor in character and was a most affectionate uncle; and Frederick the Great — one of the most accomplished tyrants and hypocrites the world has ever seen — was selected by a writer, who by many is still looked up to, as little, if at all, short of "a prophet new inspired," as the ideal of heroism and "reality." And as it is also an age of artistic revival, our historical palinodes or repairs of past neglect are apt to be translated into bronze or marble. Within recent years, to take but a few examples, we have erected a Scott memorial at Edinburgh, and the Germans a Luther monument at Worms; and we are now preparing to do honor to the immor-

* Notre Dame de Thermidor, by Arsène Houssaye.

tal Samuel Pepys. Only last year the first steps were taken, certainly not at all too soon, for the erection of a monument to Grotius at Delft, and it has just been proposed — with far more questionable reason or fitness — to put up a monument at Frankfort to Schopenhauer, the chief modern apostle of pessimism, who conspicuously illustrated the worst features of his philosophy in his life. No such objection can be raised against the very natural proposal advocated the other day by two leading members of the French Protestant Church, at a meeting held in the Westminster College Hall, under the presidency of the dean, to erect a monument in honor of Admiral Coligny at Paris. But we fail to understand why Englishmen should be asked to take part in what is mainly, if not exclusively, a matter of national interest for Frenchmen; neither indeed can we quite accept, even on the authority of Voltaire, the dean's somewhat enthusiastic estimate of Coligny as, "if not the greatest of Frenchmen, one of the most illustrious of the sons of France," or M. Bessier's commendation of him as a martyr for "liberty of conscience" and bright example of "perfect self-devotion to the service of God." Dean Bradley was careful to disclaim any sectarian bias, yet it is difficult to see how, except as a demonstration of Protestant sympathy, any but his own countrymen can be asked to join in commemorating one whose only title to distinction beyond that of a national hero is that he was a leading Huguenot. And the names — neither very numerous nor very illustrious — of English attendants at the meeting seem to point in the same direction. Of course the Massacre of St. Bartholomew was an event of European interest, and those whose knowledge of history, ancient and modern, does not go much further than a schoolboy recollection of Lord Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," and his hardly less popular Puritan and Huguenot ballads, must have, cursorily at least,

thought of Seiae's empurpled flood
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled
with his blood.

The musical echoes will still linger on their ear of the lament of the vanquished after "the Battle of Mcncontour," who had to leave their "dear, desolate home"

To the serpent of Florence, the vulture of Spain,
To the pride of Anjou, and the guile of Lorraine,

which serpentine and other pleasing qualities were very remarkably exemplified in the St. Bartholomew. But still it is not obvious why Englishmen of any creed should particularly concern themselves, except in the way of abstract sympathy, with the erection of a monument to Coligny at Paris. However that is a matter which must be left to their own judgment and their own pockets to decide. Such assistance as the scheme may derive from a brief notice here of what is assuredly a memorable epoch, in a century exceptionally rich in eventful memories, we need not grudge it.

Mr. Lecky, who of course disapproves himself of religious persecution, but, like some other writers of his school, is always anxious to insist that it is the only consistent policy for those who have any positive beliefs to maintain, has selected as one of his proof-cases the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. "France," he observes, "is still ostensibly, and was long in truth, the leading champion of Catholicity, but the essential Catholicity of France was mainly due to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes." On the contrary, it would be less of a paradox, though no doubt an exaggeration, to say that the widespread scepticism of modern France is mainly due to those causes. For the moment the plot succeeded, though even Catherine found herself obliged, almost immediately afterwards, to disavow her share in it; but, as Ranke, a higher authority than Mr. Lecky, very justly asks, "Can crimes of so bloody a dye be crowned with *lasting* success? Are they not at variance with the deeper mysteries of human events, and with those inviolable laws of nature which, even when not understood, are in constant though silent operation?" It is instructive to remember that the Massacre of St. Bartholomew preceded by little above two centuries the no less horrible *noyades* of Carrier, and the enthronement of Reason, in the person of a naked prostitute, on the higher altar of Notre Dame. But there is a further objection to Mr. Lecky's method of stating the case. The dragonnades of Louis and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes do afford an example of a genuine religious persecution, alike cruel and impolitic, and for the time it went far to extirpate from France the Protestant minority. But it was and always had been a very small minority among the people generally, though at one time including about a third of the aristocracy, and it was certainly

not their expulsion which preserved, to use Mr. Lecky's phrase, "the essential Catholicity of France." The leading motive however was a religious one, Louis being at the time under the influence of his Jesuit directors. It is no excuse for the odious policy of Catherine de Medicis, but rather the reverse, that its inspiring motive was clearly not a religious but a political one; but it places the Huguenot massacre in a somewhat different category from the dragonnades of the next century, and a still less respectable one. Neither party, Catholic or Protestant, in the sixteenth century had the least idea, begging M. Bessier's pardon, of what we understand by "liberty of conscience," or felt the slightest scruple, when they got the upper hand, of inflicting on their rivals the persecution they naturally exclaimed against when their own turn came to suffer it. Mary's Protestant martyrs only "got as good as they gave," to put it bluntly; Cranmer had enforced on the boy king the burning of Anabaptists, and Latimer in the previous reign had preached a brutally jocose sermon while Prior Forest was being roasted to death suspended over a slow fire for denying Henry's spiritual supremacy. Coligny and his Huguenots, to cite Ranke's words, "gave no quarter," because "in the Papal soldiers they beheld the army of Antichrist." But Catherine de Medicis, like her rival Elizabeth of England, was, consciously or unconsciously, a true disciple of Machiavelli, and for religious ends as such she cared nothing. As Mr. Froude puts it—and his testimony may be trusted here, for Catholicism is even more offensive to him than Catherine—"religion, in its good or in its bad sense, was equally a word without meaning to her." She had favored the plan for the marriage of Anjou, and, when that fell through, of her third son, D'Alençon, with the heretic English queen. When the crisis came, and her interests required the sacrifice of Coligny, who had already been wounded but not killed by the shot of a hired assassin of the Duke of Guise, she would apparently have been satisfied with his death only. But the feeble and frightened boy in whose name she misgoverned France dared not go so far without going further. It was he who cried out in a paroxysm of tears, when driven to desperation by the fierce insistence of his infamous mother: "Since you will have the life of the admiral, take it; but, at the same time, you must kill all the Huguenots in France, so that not one may sur-

vive to reproach me." Catherine declared that she only desired the death of six men and would charge her conscience—a tolerably elastic one—with no more; fifty thousand actually perished. There is no need to repeat here the too familiar details of the hideous tale. But it must be noted that the whole north of Europe, Catholic as well as Protestant, including a large portion of the French Catholic nobility, protested against the ruffianly crime. Charles found it prudent on the same day to have letters written by his secretaries of state signed by his own hand, representing the affair as a private quarrel between the partisans of Guise and Coligny, and despatches were sent soon afterwards to warn the Cardinal of Lorraine that he must cease to extol it as a glorious triumph. When the pope sent a legate to congratulate Charles, he was coldly received by the queen mother, and the court of Rome had the discretion to make no parade of the present sent it by some zealots among the assassins of the head of Coligny.

But for the part played in the business by the popes of the day there is unfortunately nothing more to be said. It cannot be proved, as Ranke points out, that Pius V. was privy to the preparations for the massacre, "but he did things which leave no doubt that he, as well as his successor, would have sanctioned them." He had formally approved the butcheries of Alva in the Netherlands, and had privately encouraged plots for the murder of Elizabeth. But Pius had gone to his grave four months before the fatal day. His successor, Gregory XIII., best known to the world as the reformer of the calendar, was an able and cultivated man, and is described in the memoirs of Richelieu, with imperfect accuracy, as "prince doux et benin, meilleur homme que bon pape." He at all events did not leave doubtful his estimate of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. He celebrated the event by a solemn procession of thanksgiving to San Luigi, and by medals struck to commemorate it, where the archangel is depicted presiding over "the slaughter of the Huguenots," and a picture of it was painted, which may still be seen at the Vatican. It is curious that the Venetians, who had no interest of any kind in the matter, should have expressed in official despatches to their minister at Rome their satisfaction at "this mark of God's favor." Cardinal Santorio, who was the Spanish favorite some years later, in the Conclave of 1592, and narrowly missed his election

to the papacy, has designated the event in his autobiography, still extant in MS., "the celebrated day of St. Bartholomew, most joyful to the Catholics." He tells us by the by, in this same autobiography, that the night after learning his failure of the election, which he had reckoned upon as certain, "was more painful than any moment I ever endured. The heavy grief of my soul and my inward anguish forced from me — incredible to say — a sweat of blood."

On the whole it is impossible to exculpate the court of Rome from full complicity at least after the fact. In the chief perpetrators the crime must be attributed rather to political Machiavellism of the worst kind than to religious bigotry. In the subordinate agents there was probably a mixture of political and religious fanaticism, as the Huguenots were always looked on as the unpatriotic, and therefore naturally became the unpopular, party in the country. And this of course helps to account for the acquiescence, if not approval, accorded by public opinion to the persecuting policy of Louis XIV. But some further explanation is needed

for the peculiar atrocity of the transaction we are immediately concerned with, and it must be imputed partly to "the fool fury of the Seine," which has again and again since then deluged Paris with blood shed by her own citizens, partly to its Medicean authorship. That family concentrated in itself, as in a microcosm, the darkest corruptions of the moral side of the Renaissance, and it rejoiced them to revel in a carnival of lust and blood. Such little "grain of conscience" as they retained — and we have seen that Catherine could talk about her conscience — only served to "make them sour" towards heretics, whose Puritanism was offensive, and whose destruction might possibly prove acceptable to heaven as a makeweight against many pleasant sins. Charles IX. indeed is said to have suffered agonies of remorse on his death-bed, though he was really far less guilty than his wretched mother, but he had in his veins French as well as Italian blood. And to "the serpent of Florence" must be chiefly traced the original sin of the terrible tragedy of St. Bartholomew.

ANATOMY OF PANIC.—The phrase "the anatomy of melancholy" amply justifies "the anatomy of panic." The mental state designated panic is, psychologically, a paralyzing perception of peril. The power of self-control is suspended. The judgment cannot inhibit impulsive or emotional acts. The processes of reason—in its higher manifestation—are in abeyance. Panic spreads from one individual to another, as well as affects many in common. The same impression which is produced on one sensorium may be produced on any number simultaneously by the primary cause of fear; but there is nothing else so calculated to produce panic as the evidence of panic in the mind of another person, especially one or many with whom the mind is impressed—in this secondary way—may chance to be in habitual or occasional sympathetic relation. It matters little to the general result whether the impression be produced or extended through the sense of sight or hearing, or even general sensation. It is sufficient that it can be produced and propagated in either of several ways. The true remedy for panic must be, in great part, preventive. It is a capital suggestion that a permanent notice which all can read should be displayed across curtain and act drop "writ large," and plainly stating the time in which the auditorium of a theatre can be emptied if only the audience will indi-

vidually determine to keep their wits about them, and stating the number and location of the places of exit. Again, the manager and chief performers at a theatre should make it a point of honor to keep *their* self-possession, and preserve smiling faces above the footlights if any hitch occurs. It is useless to speak or shout; nothing can so rapidly reassure a theatrical audience in panic as the sight of a self-possessed and smiling face instantly presented on the *stage*. One man may do more in this way than can be done by half a dozen in any other. Another point of moment is to impress the mind through the ear. Let the orchestra instantly strike up a cheerful tune. We heard the other day how an organist saved hundreds from panic in a church by playing a tune which instinctively brought the audience on their knees. On the same principle the orchestra in a theatre should call the panic-stricken spectators back to their seats by a bright burst of music. Surely managers and conductors might contrive these "effects" and train a few faithful followers to support them. Another matter of the highest practical moment is to make the ways of exit ways of common ingress. It is impossible to lay too great stress on this obvious precaution. It is worth while to study panics at leisure, and devise means for their prevention or prompt arrest.

Lancet.